# MAY IR

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOLUME 27 NUMBER 7
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## "I'M READY FOR SEX!"

OUR HORNY VIRGIN CAROL IS SO GOOD SHE'S NEVER HAD IT!

## WETTING FOR IT!

DIVE INTO THE WORLD OF WETLOOK SEX

## LIPPY SERVICE!

CHEEKY GIRLS WHO LOVE TO TALK DIRTY

## NO CLOTHES SHOW!

HOT COUTURE FOR GIRLS WHO DARE TO BARE

## REVEALED!

THE NAUGHTY SEX SECRETS OF TEN NAKED GIRLS

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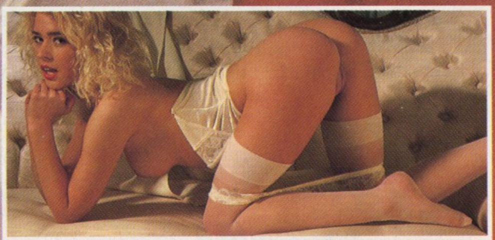

JOANNE

NATALIE

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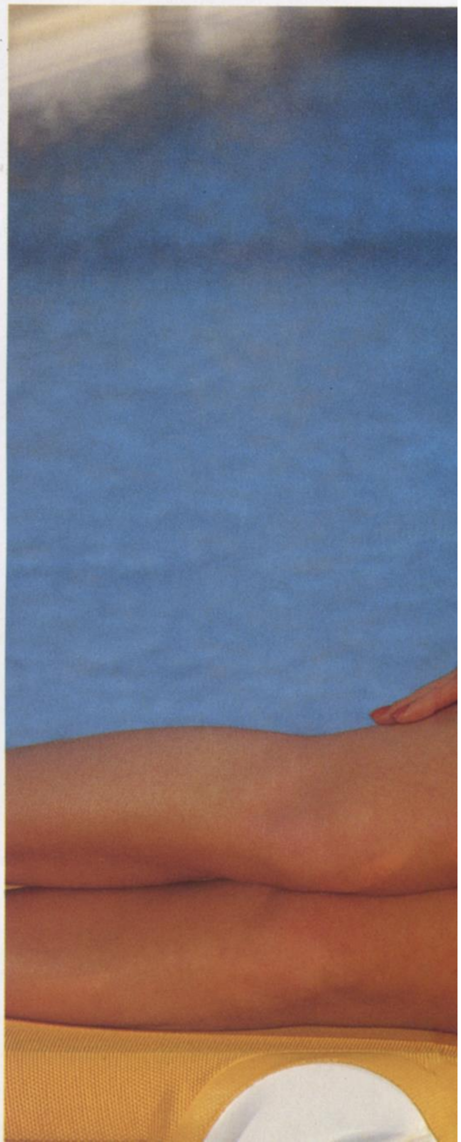
# KIRSTIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

Multi-talented golden-girl Kirstie Keating can speak four hundred different languages fluently, run a mile in under three minutes thirty seconds and play the piano with her hands tied behind her back. "Don't be silly, you lot," giggles the Glaswegian genius. "You know what I'm good at. Do I have to spell it out for you? Let me give you a clue — it's got three letters and the last one is X." Oh yes, we forgot to mention, Kirstie also invented the Fax machine!



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DONALD MILNE

# shanine

Obviously working on a magazine like *Mayfair* we get to see women of all shapes and sizes but never before have we seen a pair of breasts as pert as smoldering Shanine's.

"I work hard to keep my titties defying gravity," explains the 20-year-old keep-fit fanatic. "I go to the gym every second day, without fail, and work out to a special routine organised by my fitness instructor. He knows exactly what areas of my body need working on as he's also my lover!

"I'm happy with the way my body is now. I can't believe how out of shape I used to be. On top of my fitness routine I have a very active sex-life which keeps certain muscles that are hard to work at in the gym nice and tight! Sex is my favourite exercise — I could do it for hours on end! I know this sounds very boastful, but I bet if your readers checked my body out head to toe they would find it hard to pinch more than an inch!

Careful Shanine — we think that's one offer that may be taken up! Ⓜ

# Katia

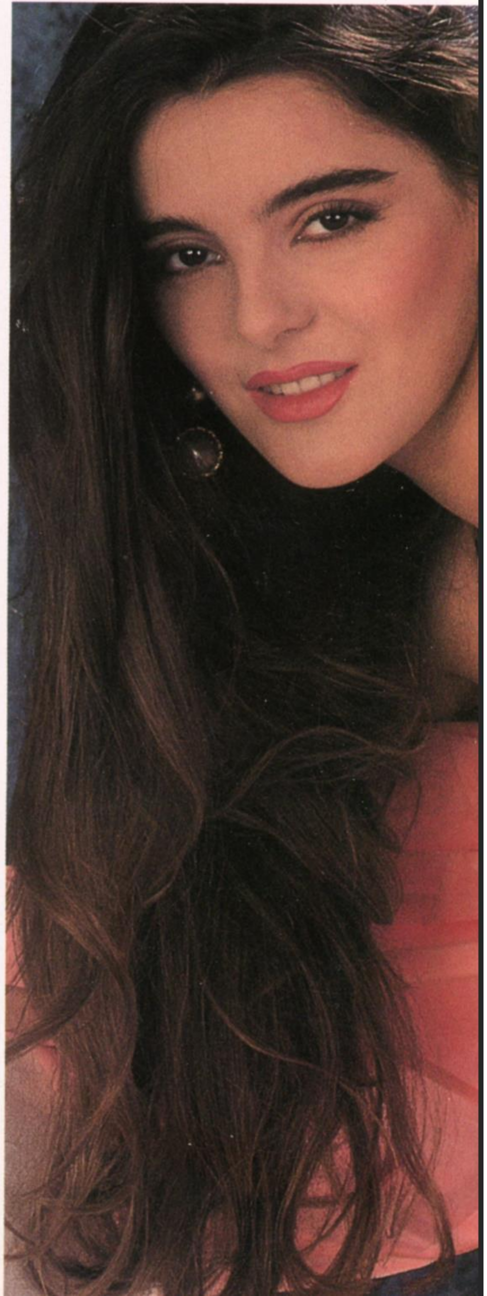
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

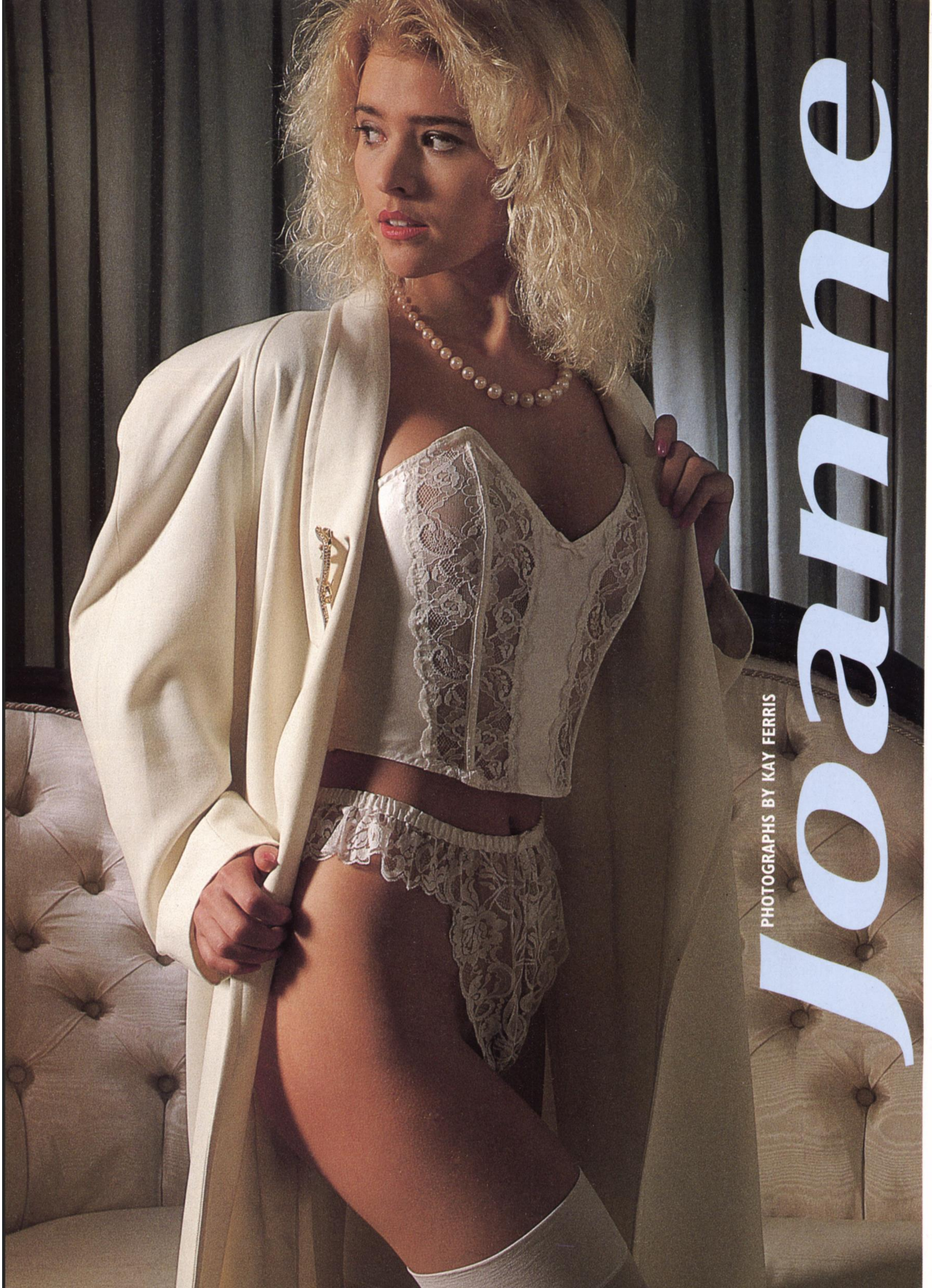
It seems we upset quite a few of you readers after Katia appeared in Vol 27, No 4, by only allowing her to say a few brief words.

"We want to know more about this delectable, horny, gorgeous creature," cried M. Brown from London, "like what are her hobbies, and more importantly, what's her favourite position?!"

Well, we try to please at Mayfair so we put these deep and probing questions to our favourite 18-year-old to which she replied, "I only have one hobby — sex — and my favourite position is always the one which I'm in at the time!

So there you go, M. Brown from London. Surely that's all you need to know? Ⓜ

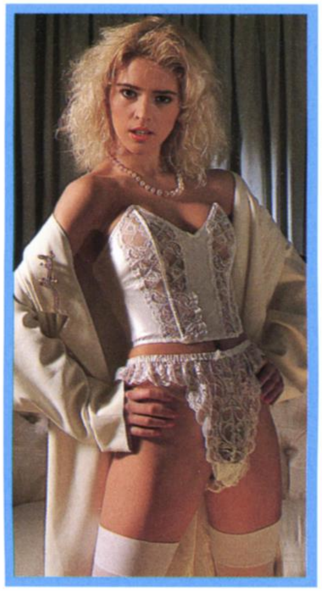


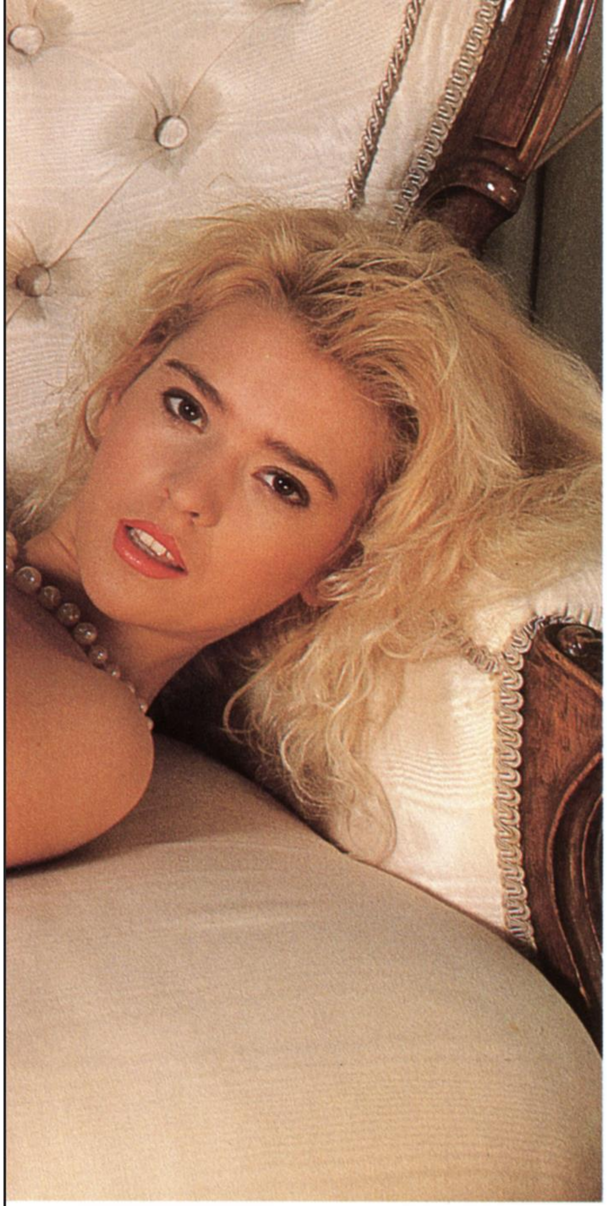


# Joanne

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAY FERRIS

*Question:* Who wants a night on the town with our 19-year-old publishing sectreary Joanne? *Answer:* No one in their right mind because you could be having a night in with her instead! "I'm very much a homebird," reveals the munchy Midlander who likes to turn the lights down low before she slips out of her sexy clothes. "Why should I go to the pub with a man when all I really want to do is get them into bed? If I spend the evening talking to a bloke my mind wanders and I imagine what he could be doing with that tongue if he wasn't using it to chat. You can't have sex in the street so when I meet someone I skip the niceties and get down to the naughties. That way I get to have twice as much sex!" Ⓜ





# *natalie*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASIL-CRAWFORD SMITH

sixty-nined me. My eyes — and legs — were opened and it was off with the jeans and on with a dress. Now I can't get enough of men. I can't believe I spent all those years with boys playing football when we could have been playing with each other!"

carol

Beautiful Carol must be the sweetest-looking centrefold we've had all year, and she's got a personality to match her appearance. "I was always the quiet one at school," she tells us in her soft, low voice. "I don't think anyone noticed me at all until I was 16 and suddenly got rather curvy... almost overnight all these boys began to talk to me and ask me out. It was very flattering!"

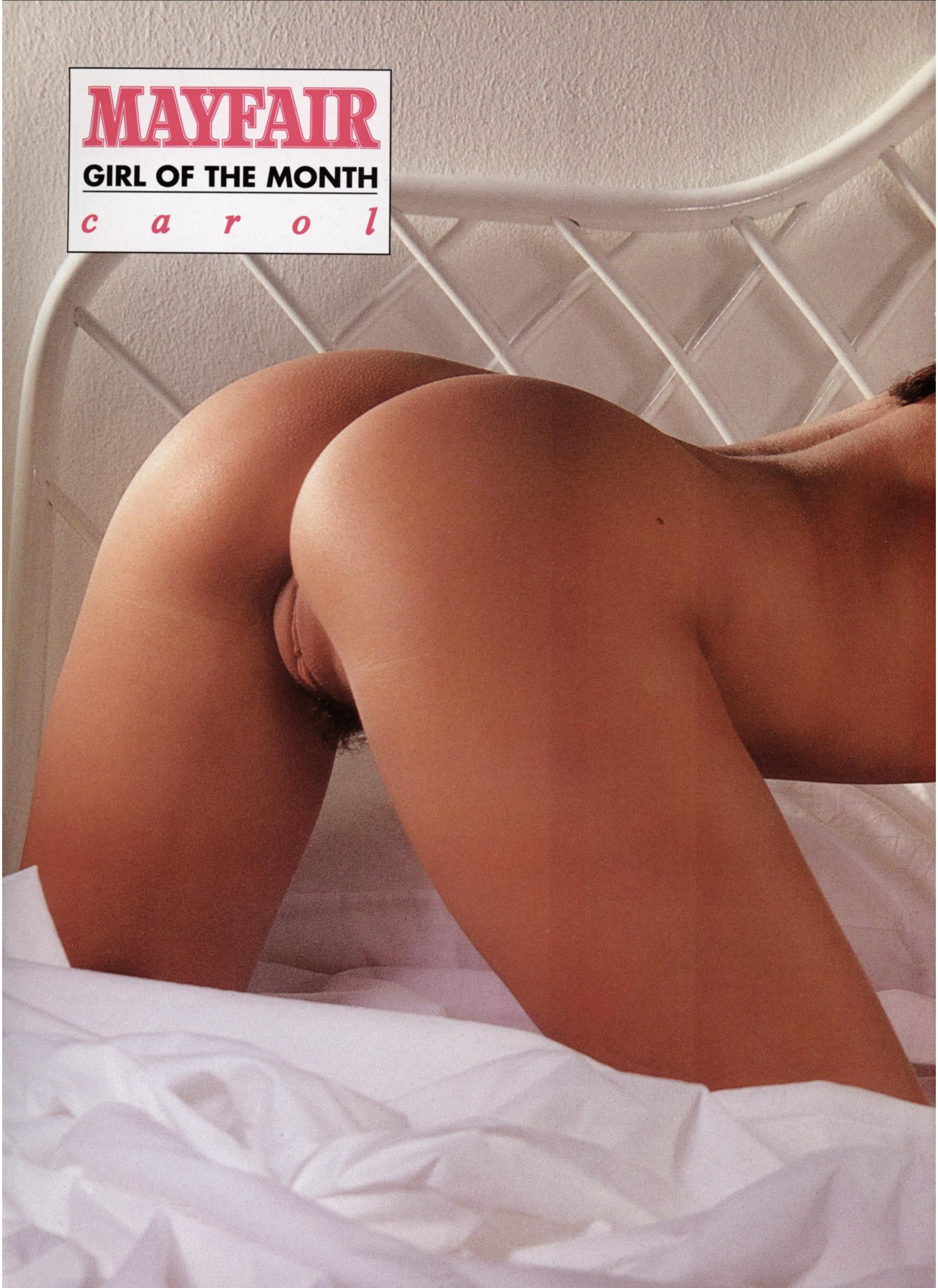
And they haven't stopped since. But Carol, now 19 and studying

---

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RALPH MEDLAND**

English and History at university, hasn't fallen for any of their lines: she's saving herself for Mr Right!

"Of course it's very frustrating sometimes – I've got natural urges like any other woman. But I think when I finally lose my virginity it will be all the better because I've waited. In the meantime, I've always got my fantasies: a handsome, strong man sweeping me into bed and making love to me in every position possible... thoughts like those keep me happy when I'm alone in my bed at night!" Ⓜ



MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

*carol*

**MAYFAIR**

**GIRL OF THE MONTH**

*carol*

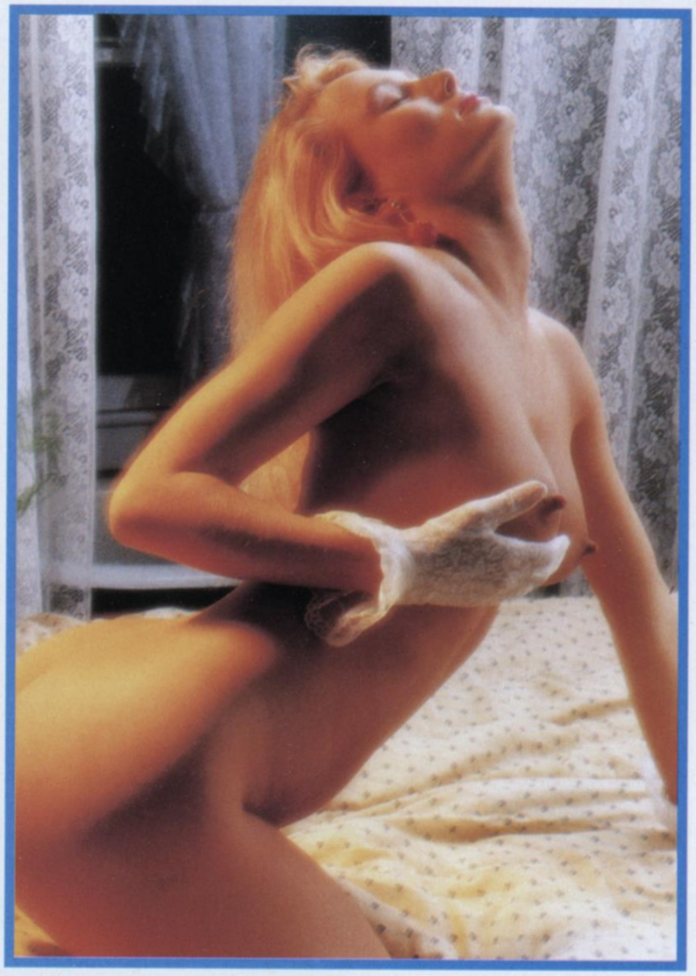
# LESLIE

"When I was at school all the kids would tease me about my name and call me Lezzie," says 19-year-old nympho Leslie. "I reckon that's what made me decide to try it. And when I did I got a nice surprise!

"Everything about women is different from men; the smell, the softenss of their skin and the way they respond to your moves. I'm at my happiest nuzzling between a girl's thighs for hours on end, my tongue working its way around every fold and proding deeply into her lovehole.

"Though don't get me wrong. I enjoy sleeping with men too! I love the feel of a big strong cock sliding in and out of my pussy. I guess I'm really greedy in a way because I want the best of both worlds. I don't see why I should have to give either up, though if I ever met the man or woman of my dreams I'd promise to remain faithful to them. I guess deep down I'm just an old fashioned girl!"

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAY FERRIS**



# Lara

As sweet little 21-year-old Lara Thornton slowly peeled her wrapper off for *Mayfair* she had only one thing in mind. "I hope I don't get too excited," she whispered, "but I love it when people watch me take every last stitch off. My fantasy is to slowly strip in front of three men, then watch them doing the same. Better still, let them do *my* undressing and let me help them with *theirs*. Mmmm... just thinking about all those naked bodies makes me go weak at the knees," she murmured. "My legs are always the first to go when I'm getting turned on."

Weak knees or no weak knees, there'd certainly be no shortage of volunteers to help Lara out with her naughty ideas and fantasies — though, depending on just how excited she gets, you may have to help her up off the floor first! Ⓜ

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER**

# THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

# carla

Everyone give a big, warm hand for our terrific Girl Next Door, Carla. On second thoughts, with boobs the size of hers you'll probably need *two* big warm hands! Girls don't come wrapped in brighter packages than this 20-year-old art student who has a heart as big as her boobs and a smile that'd cheer up anyone who's a bit down at the trousers!

For a first-time girl, Carla was surprisingly brazen about her antics in front of the camera — in fact she said she didn't want the session to stop.

"What makes you think this is the first time I've stripped off for an audience?" giggles curvaceous Carla secretively. "I share digs with three blokes and another girl, and with student grants being so low these days, we have to make our own entertainment, if you get my drift..." We're getting more than a drift, Carla!

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB TANNER**

# LISA

"This sounds silly, but you know the only time I ever seem to wear panties is when I'm taking them off for *Mayfair*," laughs lovely Lisa whose undies you last saw in Vol 27 No 4. "Panties are a great tease and I know that even a flash of them will turn men on, but imagine the thrill my fellas get when they slide a hand up my skirt and all they find is a handful of curly hair and a moist hole!" Point taken, Lisa. Next time you drop in just come as you are. Ⓜ

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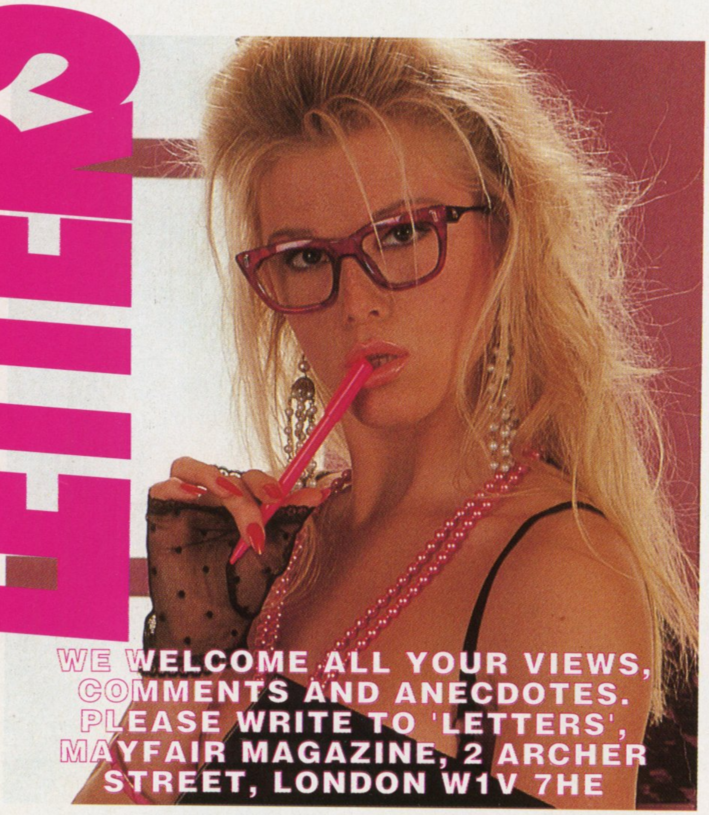
**PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB TANNER**

# LETTERS



WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

## OH, SUZANNE!

Gentlemen do prefer blondes, and the gorgeous Suzanne Johnston is living proof of that! After buying the latest issue of *Mayfair* (Vol 27 No 5) on the strength of the cover alone — a stunning shot of Suzanne; her flowing blonde hair, peachy pink bum and that dirty 'come-and-get-me' expression sending shivers down my spine; I settled down to read what is — in my humble opinion — *the* best magazine of its kind around.

I certainly wasn't disappointed when I saw what was inside, either; Richard Branson's missus, the groupies feature and, of course, a stunning set of photographs of Suzanne; add to that heaps of other gorgeous girls and you're onto a definite winner. Keep on producing issues like that one, and you'll have a dedicated reader for life! — James, Teddington

## TON UP!

A car showroom isn't the first place you'd expect to pick up a girl as sexy as Jaqueline, but the moment she introduced herself and asked if I liked the new BMW, I was smitten by her erotic aura.

I'd noticed the shiny new sports car in the main window of the showroom the week before and, being in the market for a new motor, decided to enquire about the price that following weekend. But now I'd met Jaqueline I was rapidly losing interest in the car!

"She really shifts," said Jaqueline, running a lazy finger up the sleek line of the off-side wing. "You really should try her on the open road. There's no other feeling quite like it!"

The way Jaqueline described the car you'd think she was talking about a night in bed with a lesbian lover, but it did the trick and I eagerly accepted when she suggested we take her out for a drive into the countryside.

"Well, the keys are in the ignition," breathed Jaqueline as she slid into the passenger seat, "so what are you waiting for?"

As we left the forecourt and moved through the busy morning traffic towards the outskirts of town, I was beginning to get a strange feeling about this gorgeous, confident girl who obviously loved nothing better than a ride in a fast car. I'd had sports cars before so I knew the power a roaring engine and bucket seats can have on ladies, but nothing had prepared me for what Jaqueline did next.

The town was now about a mile behind us and Jaqueline took me through the specifications of the glossy red road racer like describing the finer points of a beautiful girl's body. "She handles like an insatiable woman, taking everything from the driver and leaving him exhausted and satisfied — but not really knowing what hit him... just like little old me," cooed Jaqueline, as she leant towards my left ear and slipped her soft probing tongue inside.

My foot pressed the accelerator and I moved up into fourth and rounded a hard right hander at seventy with ease. The faster we went the more daring Jaqueline became and as we topped ninety I glanced aside just in time to see her smooth hand slip up her short black skirt and inside her panties.

"I hope the handling is to your satisfaction," breathed Jaqueline, unbuttoning my shirt with her right hand and masturbating herself with her left. We were approaching a long, clear straight so I asked more of the huge engine and we hit a hundred miles per hour just as Jaqueline's fingers found my aching erection.

"If we go on like this we're going to crash," I said, feeling Jaqueline's disappointment as I slowed down and pulled into a quiet country lane. But I was eager not to lose the sexual momentum, so as soon as the wheels stopped turning, I rammed my tongue down Jaqueline's waiting throat. We kissed for ages, stroking each other into a sexual frenzy till I could hold on no longer. "Come on, let's get out. The back seat in here isn't big enough for a cat, never mind the two of us."

We both got out and came together again at the front of the car. Jaqueline leant back over the smooth red bonnet and I climbed on top of her.

"Fuck me," she whispered. "Fuck me while I can feel the heat of the car on my body."

This was getting really weird, I thought, as I dropped my trousers and Jaqueline pulled her skirt up over her waist and her panties to one side. She reached down and began to tug at my cock till it was so hard I thought I would come in her hand. The end stood proudly at the entrance to her pink slit and with a deft pull, Jaqueline slid me inside her. The speed of the car had turned her on beyond belief so she almost dripping wet!

Jaqueline started to move, slowly at first, then building up the speed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

CELEBRITY SPURTS
Famous people approaching orgasm
"Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! Most definitely yes! I wunt you!"
Prime Minister John Major

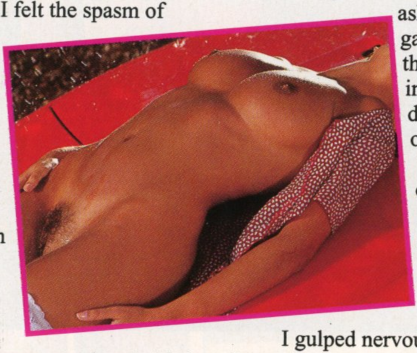
KERSLAP!
KERSLOSH!
KERSLAP!
KERSLAP!

# LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

She ripped her blouse open and thrust her firm boobs against my chest. Now Jaqueline was lying right back on the bonnet and I was crashing into her pussy with greater and greater force. I bent my head to her right breast and sucked in her hard nipple, rolling it around on my tongue and biting it gently.

'"O-o-oh, I'm coming," cried Jaqueline, digging her red finger nails into my backside, pulling me in deeper, till I felt the spasm of her pussy muscles buckle around my cock, releasing a sweet flow of come which I could smell on the highly sexually charged air.



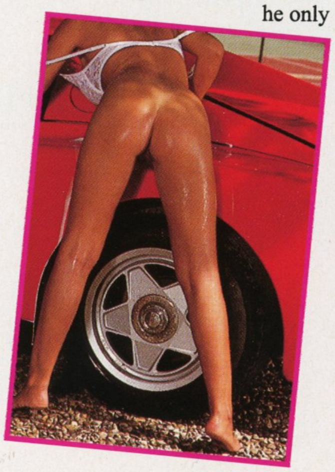
As Jaqueline's orgasm gently subsided I asked her to turn around so I could come too. She quickly flipped over, then slid down the bonnet till her feet were on the gound, her tits on the hot metal, and her beautiful bottom poking high in the air before me. I ripped off her panties, tearing them at one side and letting them fall around her left ankle. Then I spread her bum cheeks and hit home with my cock. Jaqueline's pussy welcomed me with its firm grip and she bucked backwards so I was fully inside. Then I reached round to where Jaqueline was caressing her hard clitty and took over the work, massaging it till, with a groan, she came again.

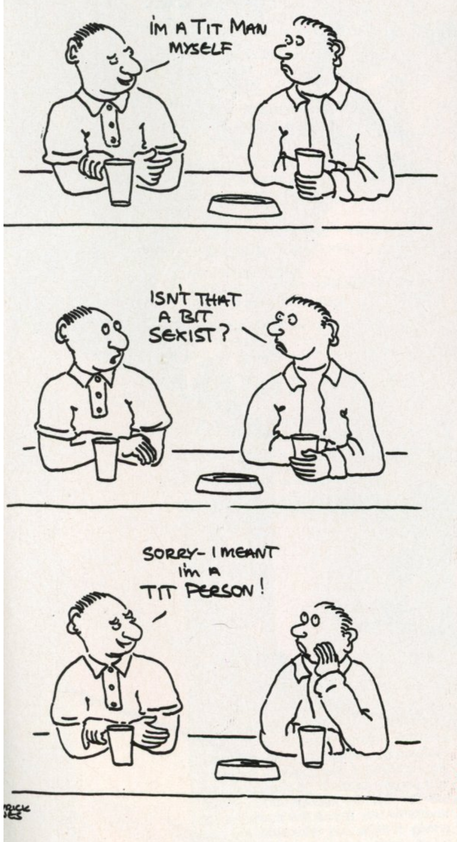
Her pussy clenched again around me and I thrust once more, feeling the full force of my own climax rip through me. I fell onto Jaqueline's back and kissed the back of her neck and smelled her soft blonde hair while my sticky come flowed into her.

Returning to the showroom I asked if Jaqueline gave everyone that was interested a test drive like the one I'd just had.

"Test drive? I don't give test drives," she laughed. "I haven't even passed my test!"

I gulped nervously as it dawned on me that to all extents and purposes I'd stolen the gleaming sports car. But as it turned out I needn't have worried. For when we re-entered the forecourt and the owner of the showroom came over and asked me if I had enjoyed the experience, he said that he only hoped his daughter hadn't put me off my driving! "Far from it," I said, glancing down again to where Jaqueline's exposed blonde pussy showed up her skirt. "It was the best ride of my life." — Name and address witheld




I'M A TIT MAN MYSELF
ISN'T THAT A BIT SEXIST?
SORRY - I MEANT I'M A TIT PERSON!

## DOUBLE TAKE

I could hardly believe my eyes when I opened up the pages of *Mayfair* (Vol 27 No 4) and saw the wonderful pictures of lovely Lisa

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

# MONEY

*Money, money, money; it's always funny in the rich man **Alexander More**'s world...*

## ANYONE FOR TENNERS

Ever wondered what happens to your money once you part company with it? No? Well, piss off and move on to the next paragraph then! But if you do, we thought we'd follow a day in the life of one trusty tenner as it paid for various goods and services around London. Here's where it went:

*9.00am:* Our £10 note NO HW41 937099 starts life emerging crisp and new from the cash dispenser in the Strand.

*9.15am:* It pays for a fried egg and bacon roll at Bruno's Snack Bar, Wardour St.

*9.30am:* It's given in change for a £20 note to a smart suited gentleman ordering a chicken salad roll.

*9.45am:* He gives it to a lady with a black mini-skirt in return for hand relief in a Ford Fiesta.

*11.30am:* The lady takes it to Ann Summers where she buys a pair of split crotch tanga panties.

*12.30pm:* The tenner is again given in change, this time to a bollock-brained bore who's bought Bill Shipton's dirty joke book.

*1pm:* The moron takes the book and the tenner to the pub to regale his mates with lots of crap jokes they've all heard before. The tenner forms part payment for three pints of Becks and two packets of designer crisps.

*1.30pm:* Rumpled and damp, the tenner is again handed in change to a scrawny media man. He takes it to a nearby cafe toilet, rolls it up and uses it to snort a white powder which costs him even more than a pint in the Welly.

*3.30pm:* Stoned and randy, the media man hands it to a girl in a tight PVC catsuit with no pockets in return for a look at their peep show. She slides it seductively down her deep cleavage.

*3.31pm:* Our Financial Editor rushes to the girl claiming he is doing a feature on the Day in the Life of a Tenner, and can he check the one inbetween her tits.

*6.00pm:* He wakes up in casualty. The trail is lost.

## WHO'S TESSA?

Mr J Pollock of Basingstoke writes:

"Last week I went to my local building society with £300 in cash to place in my savings account, but the girl behind the counter said, 'You've got a big wad, would you like to put it in our Tessa?' I said I hadn't seen Tessa, was she new? They said she offered large assets and I wouldn't be disappointed.

"Is finding sexual partners a new building society service?"

No, Mr Pollock. A TESSA is a Tax-Exempt Special Savings Account, and you are stupid sad bastard.

## HOLEY SHIT!

Eurotunnel — you're a muddle, more like! The hole nobody wants is in deeper shit than when they first dug into the sewage-sodden sea bed. The company admits that it will cost at least £8,100,000,000 to complete the project and they haven't got it. So the banks will have to fork out for the frog-link, charging their highly competitive rates of interest! This will cost the company around £800,000,000 a year and even as late as 2003, the tunnel is only expected to make £960,000,000. Then there's the small matter of operating the train tunnel, expected to be around a quarter of a million, and you see there's something of a shortfall... It looks like Eurotunnel is money down the drain.

## SKY NUDES

Why is it that British satellite TV is so much duller than our Euro colleagues? No topless game shows or stripping housewives, just porn channels showing ancient Electric Blue videos we've all seen 100 times before. The answer, as ever, is money. Sky hasn't got any. In fact, it's losing money faster than a blind man with holes in his pockets. But all that could change, thanks to our pals the Americans.

Remember CNN, the American news channel that did such sterling work during the Gulf War by letting its reporters go out and get shot so all the other network newsmen could stay in the safety of the hotel? Well, at last it's coming to Britain on the Astra satellite (though cable viewers have been able to watch it for some time). So what? you ask, there are no tits on CNN. No, but it means that Rupert Murdoch would have an excuse to drop Sky News, the pathetic British imitation of CNN which is his biggest loss-maker. This would in turn give him the money to make the sort of programmes that sell (and we are talking tons of tits here). Witness the success of German satellite station RTL Plus — their nightly menu of mammaries has made them one of the Kraut's favourite stations.

Of course it would mean missing out entirely on Sky News' nubile newscasters, but then again...

# LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Thomas. Her tumbling brown hair, coffee-coloured skin and wonderful figure brought to mind an experience that I'd like to share with all your readers.

Around a year ago I was lucky enough to meet Jane. She's the girlfriend of my friend Dave. Like Lisa Thomas she has brown eyes, tumbling dark hair that flowed in loose curls around her shoulders and dark skin, along with a mouth-watering 36C-23-25 figure.

The first fling we enjoyed was after a birthday party at a local club. My girlfriend was away for the weekend, so I invited Jane and Dave to stop over and save the expense of a taxi home. Dave's extremely conservative, so it was arranged that Jane would take the spare room and Dave would sleep on the sofa. As my room was next to Jane's I could hear her whimpering in the night. I went to check she was okay and found Jane recovering from a nightmare. I calmed her down by holding her hand and offering her a glass of water.

"Please hold me," asked Jane. As we embraced I couldn't resist burying my face into her hair. The fresh smell gave me a hard-on, and I began to nibble her ear, desperately hoping that she wouldn't stop me. I needn't have worried!

Jane slowly pulled me closer to her and we kissed, our tongues entwining and searching around inside each other's mouth. I began to kiss her neck gently, and Jane's breathing became quite loud and heavy. She started running her hands down over my back, before pulling me under the quilt. As I set to work unbuttoning her shirt Jane moaned her approval. My wet tongue began to tease her nipples, then I slid my hand down the inside of her thighs.

I eased my hands slowly upwards until I could feel the warmth of her cunt, before I started to gently rub her sticky pussy through the sodden material of her sheer cotton panties. She reacted by kissing me harder, before breaking away from me and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

**CELEBRITY SPURTS**
**Famous people approaching orgasm**
**"Ooh ah no, eh Missus! Don't mock! No! Yes! Don't titter! Nooo!" Frankie Howerd**

## Mayfair hears

'What's the point of taking someone out to dinner and then telling them that you love them, when all you want to do is fuck them?' — *Seal.*

'There's a lot of hanging around on a film set. Making films is like having sex; you keep yourself aroused, and it's hard, but whatever you do, you hang on because you don't want to blow it all in your trailer.' — *Rebecca de Mornay.*

'When I catch a guy talking to my tits instead of my face I stare at his balls. He soon gets the message.' — *Lisa Stansfield.*

## Mayfair reads

Mistaken Identity One:
Police in Birmingham received a call from a member of the public who had spotted an abandoned safe on the roadside. They dispatched a squad car, forensic experts and a back-up vehicle containing a squad of police officers to protect the safe and its contents. When they arrived the safe was dusted for fingerprints then an eight strong crew of men tried to move the object. Unable to budge it they tied it to the back of a police Landrover and tried, again unsuccessfully, to move the safe. An hour of head scratching later and the police were about to call the Army to help them when a passer-by pointed out that it wasn't in fact a safe, but an Electricity Board junction box.
*Birmingham Evening Mail*

Mistaken Identity Two:
An Italian farmer could never understand why the strange looking dog he bought at a fair in Northern Italy never barked. As the pup got older it became more aggressive and growled and even managed to bite through its leather lead. However it still did not bark.

One day it attacked the farmer, biting him severely. While the owner went to hospital, the dog went to the vet to be examined. 'The reason that it is so aggressive and does not bark,' noted the vet, 'is because this is not a dog. It is a lion cub.' *Novella 2000*

Author Michael Morgenstein was arrested by police and charged with assaulting his girlfriend. New York based Morgenstein made his name with the best selling book *How To Make Love To Women*, which taught men how to drive their partners wild in bed. Police were called to his apartment one night following a row after Morgenstein had returned home unexpectedly and found his girlfriend with another man.
*New York Times*

# Our Survey Says...

*The roundup of the roundups of the polls of polls pinched from this month's newspapers and magazines by* ***Kent Banks...***

*Simple Sample*
By combining the results of polls featured in at least five different magazines and Sunday newspapers we are able to bring you the truth about what we all get up to in the privacy of our own homes.

*Popular Ways Men Try To Impress Women*
1) Getting their knob out and waving it around (20 per cent)
2) Boasting about sexual conquests (18 per cent)
3) Drinking prowess (15 per cent)
4) Money (14 per cent)
5) Big car (10 per cent)
6) Wearing tight trousers and wiggling their bum (9 per cent)
7) Dressing smartly (6 per cent)
8) Flattery (4 per cent)
9) Cooking them a meal (3 per cent)
10) Politeness (1 per cent)

*What Impresses Women About Men*
1) Politeness (25 per cent)
2) Cooking them a meal (22 per cent)
3) Flattery (20 per cent)
4) Dressing smartly (10 per cent)
5) Wearing tight trousers and wiggling their bum (9 per cent)
6) Big car (6 per cent)
7) Money (4 per cent)
8) Drinking prowess (1 per cent)
9) Boasting about sexual conquests (1 per cent)
10) Getting their knob out and waving it around (1 per cent)

*Top Twelve Things Men Wish Their Wives Would Do But Are Too Scared To Ask*
1) Be dominant
2) Be submissive
3) Wank them off
4) Give them a blow-job
5) Dress up in kinky clothes
6) Wear sexy underwear
7) Talk dirty
8) Invite their best friend to join in
9) Use sex toys
10) Darn their socks
11) Dress up like Kylie
12) Leave them

*Top Ten Fantasy 'Older Women'*
1) Joan Bakewell (TV presenter)
2) Anna Ford (news reader)
3) Joan Collins (actress)
4) Julie Goodyear (Bet Lynch)
5) Molly Parkin (writer)
6) Wendy Richards (*EastEnders*' Pauline Fowler)
7) Diane Keane (actress)
8) Kate Adie (BBC news correspondent)
9) Dame Edna Everage (chat show host)
10) Pam St Clements (*EastEnders*' lovely Pat Butcher)

# LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

whispering, "Do whatever you want to me, Richard..." I told her to close her eyes and lie perfectly still, as I sat astride her, and began to kiss her in the deep cleavage between her breasts.

"I'm going to kiss your tits," I whispered, licking and sucking them hungrily. Jane gripped my head and ground my face into her breasts as I began to work my way down over her flat stomach.

I took a deep breath of her musky cunt, then slipped her knickers down to her knees. "I'm going to lick your cunt," I told her as I pushed her knees up to her chest so I could get to work.

I could hardly believe how hairy she was, and how turned on it made me feel! Pulling he sticky pussy lips apart with my thumbs, I sunk my tongue deep into her, lapping at the delicious juices.

Jane was panting heavily and pleading, "Fuck me, fuck me, Richard!" Wriggling out of my robe I wrapped her knees around my waist and plunged my cock deep into her hot tunnel. Jane threw her head back in ecstasy and a large grin spread over her face. Her moans grew as I thrust into her, and in a bid to keep her moans from awakening Dave, I French kissed her. She sunk her long nails into my bum, pushing my cock deeper inside her. I could feel myself coming and a second later my hips bucked wildly as I released my sticky load deep inside her. She came herself shortly afterwards with a stifled scream.

Then I returned to my own room to sleep after we had exchanged a kiss and promise to repeat that night at the earliest possible chance! — J.P., East Yorkshire

## BLAST FROM THE PAST!

Seeing the wonderful Jennifer in *Mayfair* Vol 27 No 6 reminded me (as if I could ever forget!) of something which happened to me and my wife, Donna, last year.

Now I've never really been one for kinky sex. All that sort of stuff seems to get in the way of a good sex-life, but what man in his right mind would turn down the chance of going to bed with two gorgeous girls at the same time?

Well that's exactly what happened to me when Donna's old school-friend, Alison, came to stay with us for a fortnight last June. She was visiting England for the first time since she'd emigrated to the States when she was in her early twenties, eleven years ago.

While the pair of them reminisced about their teenage years Alison let it slip about my wife's affections for girls.

"Oh yes..." I said, intrigued that my wife would have such a kinky skeleton in her closet. "She's never told me about this."

"Whoops! I guess I might as well tell him the whole story." And with that Alison launched into a candid description of Donna's lesbain affairs with at least two other girls when she was about 18 years old.

"Oh, but you're not telling Michael everything," laughed Donna. "You can't reveal the truth about my sexual experiences without telling us something about

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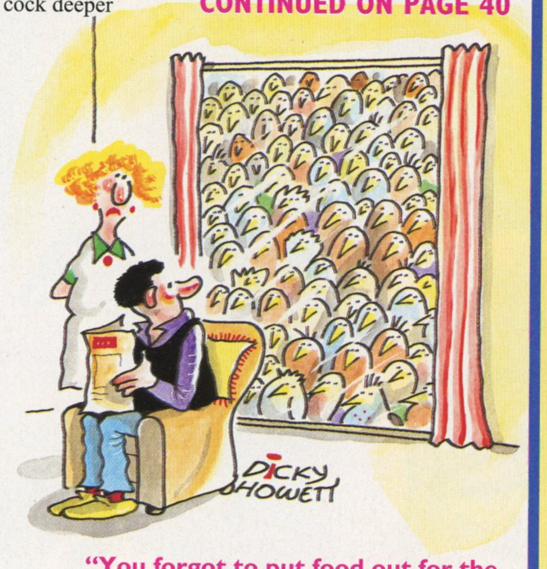
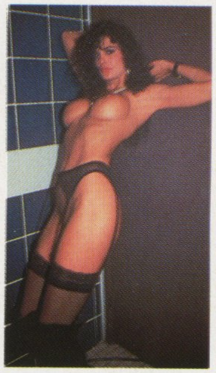


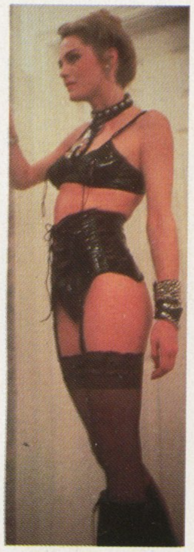
"You forgot to put food out for the birds again..."

# STUFF

*You'll never get through July without...*

Mounting a Cagiva W4 Pro Action motorcycle from Italy (imported by Three Cross Ltd, Wimborne, Dorset). For nearly two grand you can impress the girls by riding around town on a bike whose 50cc engine sounds like a bluebottle caught in a Coke tin. At £7199, the top of the range Cagiva Elefant sounds even slower, but at least it's got a 'Lucky Strike' paint job!





Grabbing *Carnal Crimes*, the erotic new thriller video from Medusa Pictures. The story, a sort of *Beverly Hills 90210* meets the Readers' Wives, is fairly slim but the sex is dead horny!

# CONNECTIONS

*More lewd links even looser than Robert Maxwell's morals...*

Davy Jones is a pop singer who also appeared in *Coronation Street*

AS IS

Lisa Stansfield (who appeared in Coronation Street as a checkout girl) who appeared naked on her record cover (*Time to Make You Mine*)

AS DID

Prince (as *Lovesexy*) who uses his first name as his stage name

AS DOES

Madonna whose ex-husband, Sean Penn, was in *Little House on the Prairie* (playing a schoolboy)

AS WAS

Melissa Gilbert (Laura Ingle) whose sister is in American comedy show *Roseanne* (playing Darleen)

AS IS

Roseanne Barr who shakes her marraccas when she dances

AS DOES

Davy Jones

# LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

yours, Alison..."

It was Alison's turn to blush now and I pressed her for more information. "Well, it was like this," began Alison. "Although I'd been a pal of Donna's for some time, and I'd heard her talk about her lesbian encounters I wasn't at all interested in other girls. Anyway, one summer evening Donna and I were lying in some tall grass at the back of my house waiting for my mother to call me for tea, when Donna asked if I'd ever masurbated.

"I was a bit embarrassed at first, though eventually I had to confess that although I'd tried touching myself down there I'd never really managed to make anything happen. Boys, too, had had their hands on my pussy and although I always went home damp between the legs, I always felt a little frustrated and wondered if there was any more to it. Donna said that she did it all the time, but it was even better when someone else did it for you so she offered to help.

"I said that she could have a go, but I didn't want to go any further. Donna agreed and slid her hand up my light summer dress to my white panties and I opened my legs a bit further so she could get at my hole. 'You'll have to open them wider than that!' she said as she began to ease my knickers down my legs so I could spread my thighs properly. Then, with the tip of her middle finger Donna began to touch me. She ran her finger up and down the length of my pussy slit and played with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

# PLAYING THE WETTING GAME

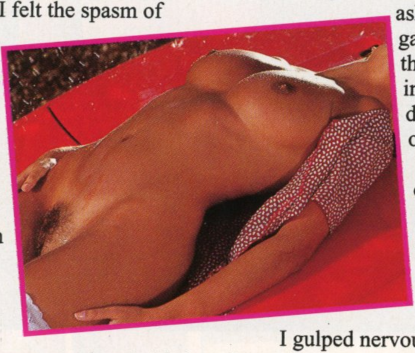
*Soaked clothes are sexy, says* ***Jim Forrest****, which is why photographers, artists and video makers are all out drenching damsels...*

# LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

She ripped her blouse open and thrust her firm boobs against my chest. Now Jaqueline was lying right back on the bonnet and I was crashing into her pussy with greater and greater force. I bent my head to her right breast and sucked in her hard nipple, rolling it around on my tongue and biting it gently.

‘“O-o-oh, I'm coming,” cried Jaqueline, digging her red finger nails into my backside, pulling me in deeper, till I felt the spasm of her pussy muscles buckle around my cock, releasing a sweet flow of come which I could smell on the highly sexually charged air.



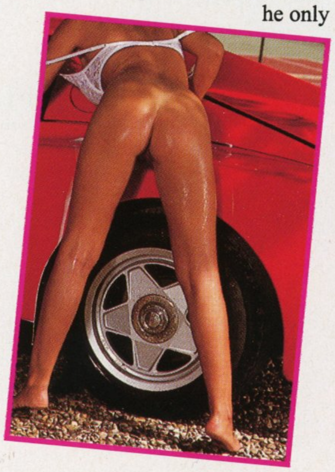
As Jaqueline's orgasm gently subsided I asked her to turn around so I could come too. She quickly flipped over, then slid down the bonnet till her feet were on the gound, her tits on the hot metal, and her beautiful bottom poking high in the air before me. I ripped off her panties, tearing them at one side and letting them fall around her left ankle. Then I spread her bum cheeks and hit home with my cock. Jaqueline's pussy welcomed me with its firm grip and she bucked backwards so I was fully inside. Then I reached round to where Jaqueline was caressing her hard clitty and took over the work, massaging it till, with a groan, she came again.

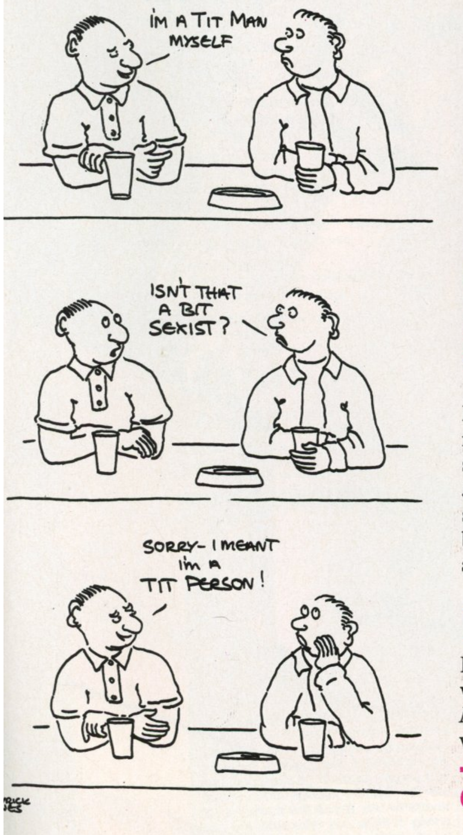
Her pussy clenched again around me and I thrust once more, feeling the full force of my own climax rip through me. I fell onto Jaqueline's back and kissed the back of her neck and smelled her soft blonde hair while my sticky come flowed into her.

Returning to the showroom I asked if Jaqueline gave everyone that was interested a test drive like the one I'd just had.

“Test drive? I don't give test drives,” she laughed. “I haven't even passed my test!”

I gulped nervously as it dawned on me that to all extents and purposes I'd stolen the gleaming sports car. But as it turned out I needn't have worried. For when we re-entered the forecourt and the owner of the showroom came over and asked me if I had enjoyed the experience, he said that he only hoped his daughter hadn't put me off my driving! “Far from it,” I said, glancing down again to where Jaqueline's exposed blonde pussy showed up her skirt. “It was the best ride of my life.” — Name and address witheld




I'M A TIT MAN MYSELF
ISN'T THAT A BIT SEXIST?
SORRY - I MEANT I'M A TIT PERSON!

## DOUBLE TAKE

I could hardly believe my eyes when I opened up the pages of *Mayfair* (Vol 27 No 4) and saw the wonderful pictures of lovely Lisa

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

# MONEY

*Money, money, money; it's always funny in the rich man* ***Alexander More****'s world...*

## ANYONE FOR TENNERS

Ever wondered what happens to your money once you part company with it? No? Well, piss off and move on to the next paragraph then! But if you do, we thought we'd follow a day in the life of one trusty tenner as it paid for various goods and services around London. Here's where it went:

*9.00am:* Our £10 note NO HW41 937099 starts life emerging crisp and new from the cash dispenser in the Strand.

*9.15am:* It pays for a fried egg and bacon roll at Bruno's Snack Bar, Wardour St.

*9.30am:* It's given in change for a £20 note to a smart suited gentleman ordering a chicken salad roll.

*9.45am:* He gives it to a lady with a black mini-skirt in return for hand relief in a Ford Fiesta.

*11.30am:* The lady takes it to Ann Summers where she buys a pair of split crotch tanga panties.

*12.30pm:* The tenner is again given in change, this time to a bollock-brained bore who's bought Bill Shipton's dirty joke book.

*1pm:* The moron takes the book and the tenner to the pub to regale his mates with lots of crap jokes they've all heard before. The tenner forms part payment for three pints of Becks and two packets of designer crisps.

*1.30pm:* Rumpled and damp, the tenner is again handed in change to a scrawny media man. He takes it to a nearby cafe toilet, rolls it up and uses it to snort a white powder which costs him even more than a pint in the Welly.

*3.30pm:* Stoned and randy, the media man hands it to a girl in a tight PVC catsuit with no pockets in return for a look at their peep show. She slides it seductively down her deep cleavage.

*3.31pm:* Our Financial Editor rushes to the girl claiming he is doing a feature on the Day in the Life of a Tenner, and can he check the one inbetween her tits.

*6.00pm:* He wakes up in casualty. The trail is lost.

## WHO'S TESSA?

Mr J Pollock of Basingstoke writes:

“Last week I went to my local building society with £300 in cash to place in my savings account, but the girl behind the counter said, ‘You've got a big wad, would you like to put it in our Tessa?’ I said I hadn't seen Tessa, was she new? They said she offered large assets and I wouldn't be disappointed.

“Is finding sexual partners a new building society service?”

No, Mr Pollock. A TESSA is a Tax-Exempt Special Savings Account, and you are stupid sad bastard.

## HOLEY SHIT!

Eurotunnel — you're a muddle, more like! The hole nobody wants is in deeper shit than when they first dug into the sewage-sodden sea bed. The company admits that it will cost at least £8,100,000,000 to complete the project and they haven't got it. So the banks will have to fork out for the frog-link, charging their highly competitive rates of interest! This will cost the company around £800,000,000 a year and even as late as 2003, the tunnel is only expected to make £960,000,000. Then there's the small matter of operating the train tunnel, expected to be around a quarter of a million, and you see there's something of a shortfall... It looks like Eurotunnel is money down the drain.

## SKY NUDES

Why is it that British satellite TV is so much duller than our Euro colleagues? No topless game shows or stripping housewives, just porn channels showing ancient Electric Blue videos we've all seen 100 times before. The answer, as ever, is money. Sky hasn't got any. In fact, it's losing money faster than a blind man with holes in his pockets. But all that could change, thanks to our pals the Americans.

Remember CNN, the American news channel that did such sterling work during the Gulf War by letting its reporters go out and get shot so all the other network newsmen could stay in the safety of the hotel? Well, at last it's coming to Britain on the Astra satellite (though cable viewers have been able to watch it for some time). So what? you ask, there are no tits on CNN. No, but it means that Rupert Murdoch would have an excuse to drop Sky News, the pathetic British imitation of CNN which is his biggest loss-maker. This would in turn give him the money to make the sort of programmes that sell (and we are talking tons of tits here). Witness the success of German satellite station RTL Plus — their nightly menu of mammaries has made them one of the Kraut's favourite stations.

Of course it would mean missing out entirely on Sky News' nubile newscasters, but then again...

# LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

my soft pubes. Then, with expert ease, she opened my pussy lips with two fingers and poked another inside.

"I was moaning by now and Donna took this as a signal to work faster between my legs, rubbing her finger up over my stiffening clitoris and then down into the tender depths of my love hole. My juices were beginning to flow and I whispered to Donna to make me come. Suddenly two fingers shot up inside me and I arched my back to accept them. Then I came for the first time in my life. I'd waited eighteen years for a feeling like that and the first thing I wanted to do was thank the person who'd given it to me, so I flung my arms around Donna and gave her a long, long french kiss."

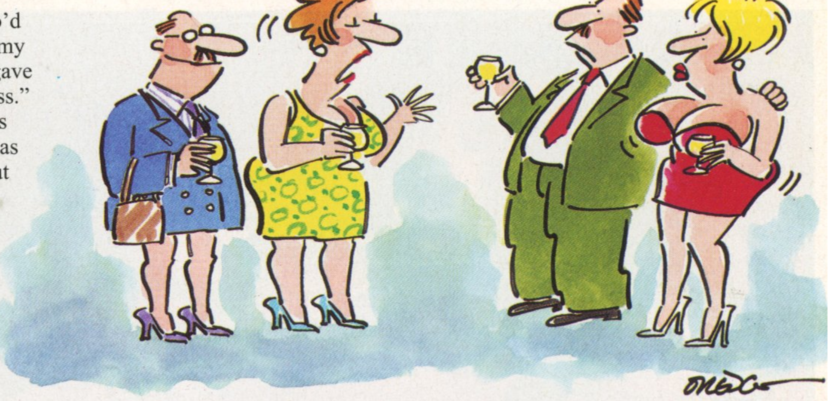
By this stage in Alison's story I was feeling horny as hell. The revelations about my wife were giving me the biggest stiffy I'd ever had and I was eager to use it. Donna noticed my predicament and came over to where I was sitting. "Alison," she said, as she unzipped my fly and took out my hard-on, "you carry on and I'll see to this..." And with that my wife slipped my cock into her waiting mouth.

"Well, as you can imagine," continued Alison, visibly excited by what we were doing, "I figured if lezzie love was this good, I may as well stop being the prude and get Donna to do me properly. I wanted to know all about how to make a girl come so I quickly slipped out of my dress and lay next to Donna. Even at 18 my tits were pretty big and she was soon munching away at my nipples. I could hear my mum calling, but I was having too much fun now as I helped Donna out of her clothes.

"Donna kissed her way down towards my pussy. Then, just as I thought I was about to get my first licking, she swivelled round so her own pussy was over my mouth and she introduced me to the lesbian soixante neuf. Donna wasted no time in sucking my clitoris while I licked every inch of her crotch till my face was covered in her juices!

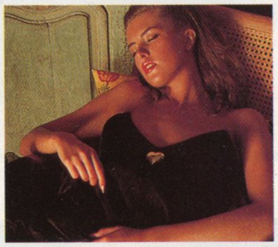
"That evening Donna showed me everything," Alison said, as she knelt down on the floor behind my wife, "including how to finger a girl!" And with that Alison pulled up my wife's skirt and sank two slim fingers deep into her snatch from behind. That was my signal to come and as Donna squirmed on her pal's hand I let go my spunky load all over her face.

Then it was off to bed for the three of us to relive some of the best moments of Donna and Alison's eighteenth year! — Michael, Kent Ⓜ



**Don't let Norman bore you to death by going on about his unusual personality disorder!**

**CELEBRITY SPURTS**
**Famous people approaching orgasm**
**"Woo woo woo! Over here! Over here, my love! No! Over there! Over there! Good game! Good game! Hope you're playing at home!" Bruce Forsyth**



## Next month in Mayfair

Mmmm! Here's just a tantalising little taster of what horny Tracy Harper's up (and down) to in next month's Mayfair. It's finger-lickin' good!

**Volume 27 Number 8 on sale July 30**

# MAYFAIR

## TIGHT ARSE OF THE MONTH

First they tried to sell us water which falls from the sky and now the companies that sell you that water are trying to charge us for the land we walk upon.

Yes, this month's marvellous model of Julie-Anne's pert posterior goes to North West Water plc. Not content with making money out of thin air by making us pay for recycled rain, they are now charging the earth for walking on their land. In future hikers, ramblers and joggers will be charged 50p each for setting foot on some of the paths across the hills of the North West which they own and which they have been able to walk for free since God put them there. Toll gates are being put up along the Pennine Way (one of Britain's most famous footpaths) with other cunning traps laid down to catch ramblers who previously thought walking was free.

To the drips at NWW we are happy to present this gold rear, though you'll have to come and collect it from the office. Our receptionist will charge at the door for the use of our stairs.

P.S. We spotted a nice piece of graffiti on a Thames Water sign on a reservoir in north London recently. Underneath the Thames logo was scrawled : "We don't take the piss out of water".

## BILLION DOLLAR BOOBIES

Our attempt by money-mad models Katherine Priam and Jilly Brooks to make a million in a year starting with just ten pounds continues. So far though, after shrewd investment in the stock exchange, cautious Katherine has only managed to reach £12.50, whilst barmy Miss Brooks has taken her total to £3,500 and a well-used pair of silk french knickers by a combination of modelling and gambling.

But this month things have changed slightly. Katherine, the girl with PEP, rode the post-election stock market boom and thanks to help from a very nice broker she came out with twenty five quid. She spent this on cassettes to record her own sexy 0898 number in return for a 50-50 share of the profits! So far, this has netted her a cool £750!

Jill on the other hand blew her three and a half grand on a 1972 MGB as she thought the classic car market was thriving and she fancied a bonk in a sports car. Unfortunately the price of classic cars is actually falling faster than a stripper's knickers. What's more, her MGB was the ghastly British Leyland one with those really horrible American-style bumpers which nobody liked anyway. However she did get her night of shagging.

So the current state of the parties is Katherine £750 and rising; Jilly an MGB, very very soiled knickers and rising and falling, rising and falling...

## MODERN MANNERS

*Mayfair's Mistress of Good Manners, **Lavinia Garden**, with another guide to your Ps, Qs and FUs...*

### DRESSING FOR SEX

Gail from Herts tells me that she has been invited to an orgy and wants to know what to wear as the invitation doesn't specify. Well, dear, I suggest something formal and fetishistic. Rubber is good, but PVC is a bit passee and satin is simply not done. If you *must* wear undies, then they have to be silk. Nothing else will do, darling. And stockings, never, never tights.

Gloves (elbow length in latex) are smart and practical with all that 'stuff' flying about, but a hat isn't de rigeur. As for your man, a simple condom is only polite.

### DO'S AND DON'TS

Travelling around Britain you see lots of charming little working class pubs. But, darlings, if you can't resist taking a peek inside do bear the following in mind:

**DO** expect the place to go silent when you walk in.
**DON'T** accost the first person you see and say, "Phew! The traffic coming up from Esher has simply been a nightmare, darling!"
**DO** try to be patient when they insist on serving all the locals before you.
**DON'T** ask for a light dry white wine with Evian north of Coventry.
**DO** order the local beer and find out whether it's called bitter, heavy or just a pint in that part of the world.
**DON'T** pronounce Vaux bitter "Vo".
**DO** join in any pub charity games, but expect to get ripped off.
**DON'T** expect to play darts until you've chalked for at least three hours.

### EXCUSE ME

Giles from Royal Tunbridge Wells asks what is the correct phrase to use when asking for the toilet in a house valued at under £80,000? Well, Giles, as you know, normal terms like "I need to powder my nose", "visit the doughnut in granny's greenhouse" or "turn the Porsche around" simply don't apply in these lowly circumstances. Opt instead for "Christ, I need a piss. Where is it?" Failing that, suddenly crouching and squeezing your genitals whilst emitting a low moan will suffice.

### FAUX PAS

*Ten things not to say when meeting a girl for the third time unexpectedly.*

Nothing makes a guy look more imbecilic than when he bumps into a girl he fancies for the second or third time on the stairs, in the corridor or coming out of the boss's office, wiping her chin. Desperate to impress, he always tries to say something witty. Here are the ten worst quips:

1) "We must stop meeting this way!"
2) "Ha! This is getting to be a habit, eh?"
3) (*In unidentifiable foreign accent*) "Ah, so! Vee meet again."
4) "Well! Fancy seeing you here!"
5) "Good to see you're back - and your front. Hahahahaha!"
6) (*In Noel Coward accent*) "Darling, we're meant for one another!"
7) "Watch it! People will start to talk!"
8) (*In terrible Bruce Forsyth accent*) "Nice to see you, to see you, nice!"
9) Anything accompanied by a ridiculous wave, a flamboyant bow, etc.
10) "Ah, eerrrr, hello... it's you again... um... err yes!"

*Illustrations by Chris Harding*

# LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Thomas. Her tumbling brown hair, coffee-coloured skin and wonderful figure brought to mind an experience that I'd like to share with all your readers.

Around a year ago I was lucky enough to meet Jane. She's the girlfriend of my friend Dave. Like Lisa Thomas she has brown eyes, tumbling dark hair that flowed in loose curls around her shoulders and dark skin, along with a mouth-watering 36C-23-25 figure.

The first fling we enjoyed was after a birthday party at a local club. My girlfriend was away for the weekend, so I invited Jane and Dave to stop over and save the expense of a taxi home. Dave's extremely conservative, so it was arranged that Jane would take the spare room and Dave would sleep on the sofa. As my room was next to Jane's I could hear her whimpering in the night. I went to check she was okay and found Jane recovering from a nightmare. I calmed her down by holding her hand and offering her a glass of water.

"Please hold me," asked Jane. As we embraced I couldn't resist burying my face into her hair. The fresh smell gave me a hard-on, and I began to nibble her ear, desperately hoping that she wouldn't stop me. I needn't have worried!

Jane slowly pulled me closer to her and we kissed, our tongues entwining and searching around inside each other's mouth. I began to kiss her neck gently, and Jane's breathing became quite loud and heavy. She started running her hands down over my back, before pulling me under the quilt. As I set to work unbuttoning her shirt Jane moaned her approval. My wet tongue began to tease her nipples, then I slid my hand down the inside of her thighs.

I eased my hands slowly upwards until I could feel the warmth of her cunt, before I started to gently rub her sticky pussy through the sodden material of her sheer cotton panties. She reacted by kissing me harder, before breaking away from me and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

**CELEBRITY SPURTS**
**Famous people approaching orgasm**
**"Ooh ah no, eh Missus! Don't mock! No! Yes! Don't titter! Nooo!" Frankie Howerd**

## Mayfair hears

'What's the point of taking someone out to dinner and then telling them that you love them, when all you want to do is fuck them?' — *Seal.*

'There's a lot of hanging around on a film set. Making films is like having sex; you keep yourself aroused, and it's hard, but whatever you do, you hang on because you don't want to blow it all in your trailer.' — *Rebecca de Mornay.*

'When I catch a guy talking to my tits instead of my face I stare at his balls. He soon gets the message.' — *Lisa Stansfield.*

## Mayfair reads

Mistaken Identity One:
Police in Birmingham received a call from a member of the public who had spotted an abandoned safe on the roadside. They dispatched a squad car, forensic experts and a back-up vehicle containing a squad of police officers to protect the safe and its contents. When they arrived the safe was dusted for fingerprints then an eight strong crew of men tried to move the object. Unable to budge it they tied it to the back of a police Landrover and tried, again unsuccessfully, to move the safe. An hour of head scratching later and the police were about to call the Army to help them when a passer-by pointed out that it wasn't in fact a safe, but an Electricity Board junction box.
*Birmingham Evening Mail*

Mistaken Identity Two:
An Italian farmer could never understand why the strange looking dog he bought at a fair in Northern Italy never barked. As the pup got older it became more aggressive and growled and even managed to bite through its leather lead. However it still did not bark.

One day it attacked the farmer, biting him severely. While the owner went to hospital, the dog went to the vet to be examined. 'The reason that it is so aggressive and does not bark,' noted the vet, 'is because this is not a dog. It is a lion cub.' *Novella 2000*

Author Michael Morgenstein was arrested by police and charged with assaulting his girlfriend. New York based Morgenstein made his name with the best selling book *How To Make Love To Women*, which taught men how to drive their partners wild in bed. Police were called to his apartment one night following a row after Morgenstein had returned home unexpectedly and found his girlfriend with another man.
*New York Times*

# *Our Survey Says...*

*The roundup of the roundups of the polls of polls pinched from this month's newspapers and magazines by* ***Kent Banks...***

*Simple Sample*
By combining the results of polls featured in at least five different magazines and Sunday newspapers we are able to bring you the truth about what we all get up to in the privacy of our own homes.

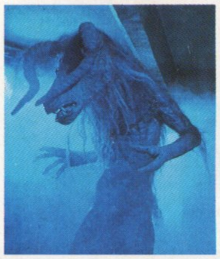
*Popular Ways Men Try To Impress Women*
1) Getting their knob out and waving it around (20 per cent)
2) Boasting about sexual conquests (18 per cent)
3) Drinking prowess (15 per cent)
4) Money (14 per cent)
5) Big car (10 per cent)
6) Wearing tight trousers and wiggling their bum (9 per cent)
7) Dressing smartly (6 per cent)
8) Flattery (4 per cent)
9) Cooking them a meal (3 per cent)
10) Politeness (1 per cent)

*What Impresses Women About Men*
1) Politeness (25 per cent)
2) Cooking them a meal (22 per cent)
3) Flattery (20 per cent)
4) Dressing smartly (10 per cent)
5) Wearing tight trousers and wiggling their bum (9 per cent)
6) Big car (6 per cent)
7) Money (4 per cent)
8) Drinking prowess (1 per cent)
9) Boasting about sexual conquests (1 per cent)
10) Getting their knob out and waving it around (1 per cent)

*Top Twelve Things Men Wish Their Wives Would Do But Are Too Scared To Ask*
1) Be dominant
2) Be submissive
3) Wank them off
4) Give them a blow-job
5) Dress up in kinky clothes
6) Wear sexy underwear
7) Talk dirty
8) Invite their best friend to join in
9) Use sex toys
10) Darn their socks
11) Dress up like Kylie
12) Leave them

*Top Ten Fantasy 'Older Women'*
1) Joan Bakewell (TV presenter)
2) Anna Ford (news reader)
3) Joan Collins (actress)
4) Julie Goodyear (Bet Lynch)
5) Molly Parkin (writer)
6) Wendy Richards (*EastEnders*' Pauline Fowler)
7) Diane Keane (actress)
8) Kate Adie (BBC news correspondent)
9) Dame Edna Everage (chat show host)
10) Pam St Clements (*EastEnders*' lovely Pat Butcher)

Asking yourself what those very nice people from ITC videos have for us this month. The answer being a list of TV classics as long as your tadger, including *The Champions* (starring the unforgettable Alexandra Bastedo), *The Saint* — Volume Three, the really unbearable *Space 1999* — Vols Three and Four, and *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)*, which is the best of the bunch.



Writing to the papers after witnessing the shocking and surreal animal-related behaviour of Michael Balfour in *The Revenge of Billy the Kid*, a video billed as "Britain's answer to The Evil Dead", available from Medusa Pictures and summed up by the lines 'Old MacDonald had a farm. And on that farm he HAD a goat...'

Taking a flight of fancy in a hot air balloon with Golf Centres Balloons Bridport, Dorset. Cloud-level canoodling doesn't qualify you for the Mile High Club, but anyone who dares to do it in a shopping basket hanging somewhere over Kent deserves an award anyway!

Sending some Air Miles to Richard Branson who is 42 on the 18th of this month.

Taking Dennis the Menace for a birthday drink down the local on July 29th and finding that he's the only 54-year-old man who can't get served at the bar.

# MURDER WE WROTE

## *The concluding episode of the Roof Rendering Mysteries, **Butler Dunnit**'s mini-series that's murder to read...*

**Previously on Murder We Wrote... Rev Green has been killed by a collapsing church roof. But who sabotaged it? Was it Lady Lawdown, pissed off at not being allowed to open the fete? The man whose daughter the vicar had refused to marry? Burrows the gravedigger who'd had his pay rise turned down? Or Lord Peter Flimsy's butler Banter for reasons so complicated we can't be arsed to re-iterate them? The village's amateur detectives were just deciding when a man in black burst in claiming he was about to blow up the church. Now read on...**

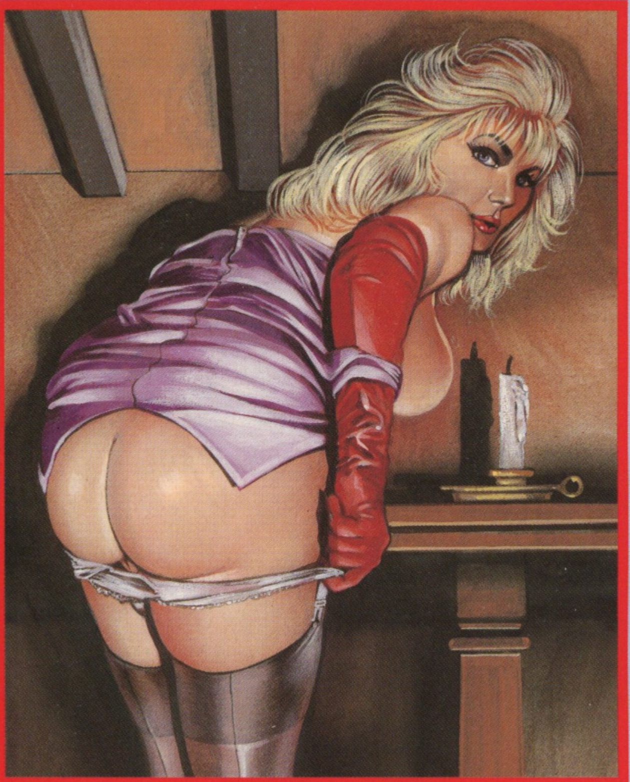


Illustration by Mike Francis

"All you pathetic sleuths dying at one time will do wonders for my undertaking business," funeral director David Hughes-Jones sneered. "All my Boxing Days will come at once."

"Just think what you're doing, Dai the Death," Inspector Wrectum warned. "If you kill Miss Inga Marbles, Lord Peter Flimsy, Hercules Girot, Migraine and the rest of us, all the homicidal maniacs will go elsewhere. They only murder here 'cos they know they'll get on television in three hourly episodes spread over the week. The dying, and your living, will be halved."

"Shit. I never thought of that."

"Aha! You must use zee little grey cells!" smiled Girot patronisingly. The undertaker took out a sawn-off 12-bore and shot him point blank. Dr Whatson examined the remaining bits of body splattered over the church for several minutes.

"I'm afraid he's dead!" he pronounced.

"But who could have done it?" asked Miss Inga Marbles.

"Him! You saw it happen, you fucking daft old bat!" exclaimed Inspector Morose.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't help it," sobbed Dai. "I hate being patronised, especially by the brother of an ITN early evening newsreader."

"Who bally cares about that johnny foreigner anyway?" Lord Peter added xenophobically. "It's the poor vicar that matters. Who killed him?"

"Fuck knows," said Jim Buggerthat, who'd spent the last few minutes sorting out a lucrative contract with the Jersey Tourist Board. "Lady Lawdown from episode two and I are going for a ride in my Triumph Roadster to try and boost interest in the flagging classic car market."

Unfortunately he found that his car had been boxed in by a white Escort van with Fishy Tales Plot Hatchery written on the side. A middle-aged man in a short white jacket carrying a wicker basket went into the church.

"Red herrings, red herrings!" he cried. "Get your lovely red herrings here!"

"Oh okay," Lord Peter said, fishing around in his pocket for change. "I'll have one."

"Right," replied the salesman. "The vicar was up to his neck in gambling debts from his mis-spent youth. Now, would you like some spice with that?"

"Yes, please," said Lord Peter, licking his lips in anticipation.

"Okay. He fucked the croupier. That'll be 55p please."

"Excuse me, young man," Miss Marbles enquired, tugging at his sleeve. "But what else do you sell?"

"I've got some nice freshly hatched plots, and there's an old trout in the van — but you don't really want Angela Lansbury in this, do you?"

"What I'm really looking for," Miss Marbles continued, "is something a bit fishy, fairly satisfying but with a twist in the tail."

"I've got just the thing, madam," the salesman beamed. "Reverend!"

Out from the passenger seat of the van stepped the Reverend Green, alive and well.

"My God, the bally vicar's not dead at all!" cried Lord Peter.

"Bollocks!" said Morose.

"So, zee Reverend gentleman was not dead..." deducted Migraine brilliantly.

"No, that was my twin brother the stuntman, and he's perfectly okay because the bricks were made of polystyrene and only a projection anyway. I staged the whole thing to boost the church roof appeal. If you meddling crap detectives hadn't poked your noses in, I'd be rich, rich, rich!"

"Worra load of old shite!" moaned Lewisham, Morose's Geordie sidekick.

"You know something, Lewisham, you're right for once. Let's piss off back to the pub," said Morose sulkily.

"Well, I'm glad that's all sorted," smiled ex-Inspector Wrectum. "Now Lady Lawdown, about that blow-job you've been promising us for the last two episodes..."

# NO CLOTHES SHOW!

*Trends come and go but birthday suits are always in. Here's this month's selection from the latest collections showing that beneath every skirt there's a lovely lady trying to get out...*

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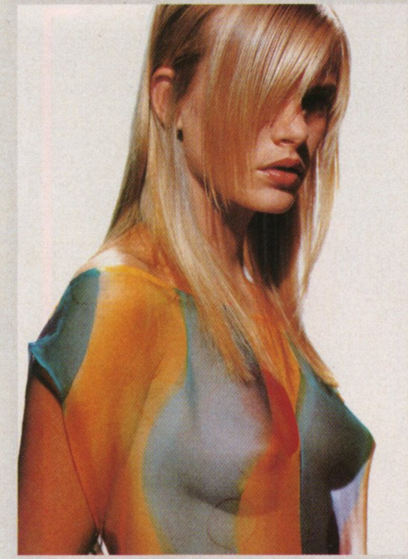
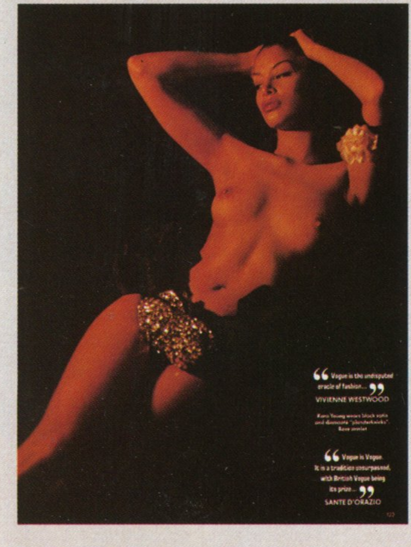
**Main picture:** ***a slinky little number sure to cause a stir when shopping in Sainsbury's;*** **top left:** ***a see-thru special to shock the neighbours;*** **middle:** ***perfect for a night out on the town;*** **bottom left:** ***a sexy super-model boasts about the bra that got away;*** **below:** ***the shorts are so pricey she couldn't afford the shirt!***




"Vogue is the undisputed oracle of fashion..."
VIVIENNE WESTWOOD
"Vogue is Vogue. It is a tradition unsurpassed, with British Vogue being its prize..."
SANTE D'ORAZIO
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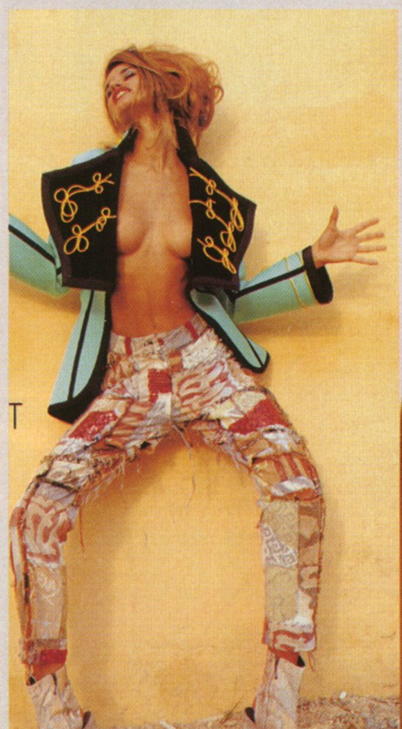
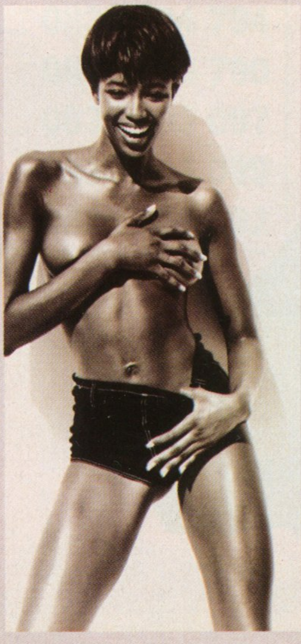




# THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SEX

# SCANDINAVIA

*Scandinavia isn't just snow, snow and more snow — it's nudist beaches too, as our rough guide* ***Cliff Wicket*** *discovered when he set out on a summer holiday to the land of blonde bombshells, old deers and all-night sex clubs...*

If you're the sort of gentleman who prefers blondes, loves brunettes, adores redheads, but would settle for a baldie if you're desperate, then book your first class ticket to Scandinavia. It may be freezing cold for 364 days of the year, but that gives you a better excuse to stay in bed all day and exchange bodily warmth with some of the most beautiful girls in the world.

## NIGHTLIFE

The sex clubs, particularly in Denmark and Sweden are infamous for providing some of the best erotic entertainment in the world. Everything and anything goes, so unlike the streets of Scandinavia, the shows are extremely dirty!

Some clubs encourage audience participation in the form of 'lap dancing', where girls mingle with the audience and sit on their knees. Then they bounce up and down, and side to side, generally working the man underneath into a frenzy!

## DENMARK

During part of the summer at least, Denmark is blessed with blazing hot sunshine. So if you're lucky enough to be there between July 10th and 11th there's a good chance of spotting some great Danes catching some rays on the beach.

This is the home of Lego and the leg-over, where the streets are so clean it looks like they've just been hoovered. The atmosphere is like a dentist's waiting room but at least when you sample the Danish crackling you won't catch anything! But don't expect too much fun from the locals — except on a Thursday. For this one day a week there is no television because the government want to encourage people to make their own entertainment!

*Places to go:* the capital city Copenhagen for a smorgasboard; the university town of Arhus for a board smorg; and the beach resort of Bornholm for a surfboard.

*Local greeting:* "As soon as the sun comes through those clouds I'll get my tits out. In the meantime, why don't you come back to Arhus for a quick smorg?"

*Hazards:* being deported for dropping a cigarette end; and falling asleep on the beach and waking up under six feet of snow.

## NORWAY

The Norwegians are regarded as 'the Irish of Scandinavia', meaning everyone takes the piss out of them. Which is hardly justified, as apart from the gorgeous scanty-navian women, no-one who lives this far north has anything to laugh about. One of the priciest places in Europe to take a girl out to dinner, you'll have to pack the gold cards to score in Norway. And if you're lucky enough to talk your way into a Norwegian's thermals, either pay for a hotel room by the hour or prepare to meet her parents — unlike us reserved English, Scandinavians encourage their daughters to bring their boyfriends home to enjoy sex in the comfort of their own bedroom!

*Places to go:* Oslo for the world's biggest public park; your hotel to wipe the dog shit off your shoes afterwards; and the Fjords to see what happened when God got a bit carried away and made the frilliest coastline in the world.

*Local greeting:* "This is my mother, Helga. She'll be cleaning the sheets afterwards."

*Hazards:* Poverty, pooh, and meeting the only girl who shares a bedroom with her grandparents.

## SWEDEN

Victory in last year's Eurovision Song Contest, flared pop stars Abba and a climate similar to Pluto's may explain why Sweden has the highest suicide rate in the world. It certainly explains why they're a nation of Volvo drivers — though how anyone lives long enough to commit suicide with those sqaure-headed nutters on the road is beyond me!

Be sure to pack a woolly willy warmer, a copy of *Snow Fun — The Bumper Book of Swedish Humour*, (the Swedes tell jokes about Norwegians) and the phone number of the nearest Samaritans help-line when hitting the town in search of some of the coolest blondes since records began.

*Places to go:* Stockholm for the sex clubs, Gothenburg for the goths, and the mile-long roller coaster at Liseberg amusement park to barf over the burgher sitting next to you.

*Local Greeting:* "Hey, can I get any of you guys a razor blade?"

*Hazards:* moody blondes offering blow-jobs only to find they're trying to choke themselves to death on your cock, Roxette, and learner Volvo drivers.

## SWEDISH LINGO

Hello darlin'. Do you come here often? : *"Hej Alsklin'. Kommer du hit offta?"* — Swedish girls may not have heard this one before!

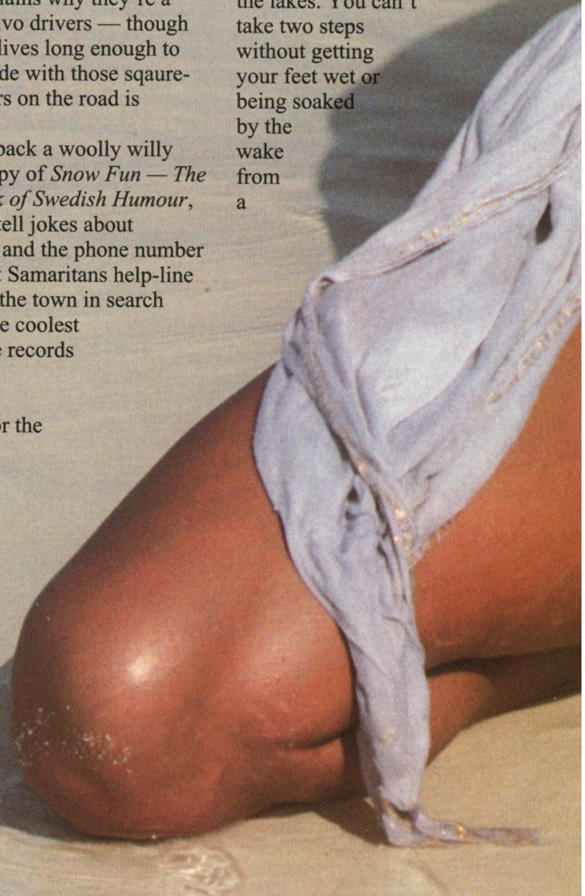
All this cold weather must be a bugger on your nipples! : *"Detta kalla vadret maste vare svart for clina brostvartor."* — Show her that you care!

Can I buy you a drink? *"Kan fag kapa dig en drink, sot nose?"* — Under no circumstances to be used in Iceland. (See below.)

Okay, so when and if she replies you won't know if she's saying "Drop 'em", or "Drop dead you wanker", but at least it's a start.

## FINLAND

Finland has its own Lake District, but unlike Enland, it has very little district between the lakes. You can't take two steps without getting your feet wet or being soaked by the wake from a



passing nuclear submarine. You need fins to get around. Half the population is short and dark, the other half is tall and blonde, giving rise to the feeling that you've stumbled onto the set of *Bridgette Nielsen Meets the Sex Dwarfs*.

*Where to go:* Helsinki to sink some hellish local brews while you stare into the cleavage of a gorgeous girl six inches taller than you; the Lake District to see what a few filthy British factories and a prevailing westerly wind does to forests and fish; and Lapland to spot Santa Claus trying to train his elves to make a Nintendo.

*Local Greeting:* "Hold still, deer, while I climb aboard."

*Hazards*: Going to a fancy dress party as a reindeer; and finding out that Santa Claus has sold out to a Japanese consortium and retired to the French Riviera.

## ICELAND

If you fancy a break with plenty to drink and lots to do, Iceland is not the place for you. It's like one big health farm where alcohol was banned around 30 years ago and entertainment is limited to reading (bookshops are as common in Iceland as off-licences are here!). However, some drink is making a slow re-emergence but you can expect to part with about five quid for a pint of lager. There is one nightclub called The Broadway where the entire population goes on a Saturday night. And because the Icelanders aren't used to booze they are all on the floor by ten o'clock. So any man who is still standing by the end of the evening has the pick of every Ice Maiden there.

Unlike our royals, the Icelandic monarchy are terribly amenable and you can frequently bump into the Queen in the local supermarket.

*Where to go:* Reykyavik to buy a book about the local beer you can't afford; Snaefellsness Peninsula for a mud bath with a steamy sex-kitten and all the mineral water you can drink; and the Southern Coast if you're into sheep.

*Local Greeting:* "Excuse me (hic!), your majesty but if you've finished with Woolly (hic!)..."

*Hazards:* boiling your balls and freezing your head (at the same time) in a steam bath; waking up next to the Queen who laughs when you say you didn't know the Queen had a moustache; dying of lager deficiency.

# LETTERS

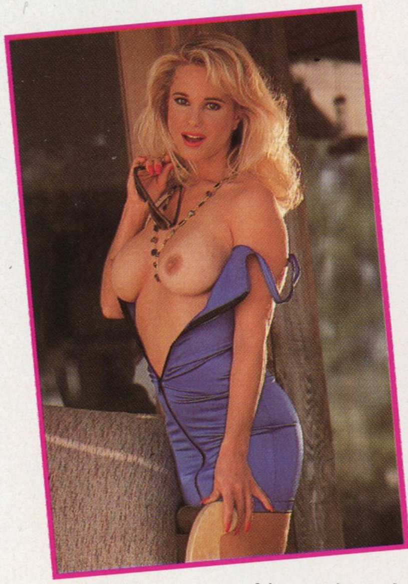
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

yours, Alison..."

It was Alison's turn to blush now and I pressed her for more information. "Well, it was like this," began Alison. "Although I'd been a pal of Donna's for some time, and I'd heard her talk about her lesbian encounters I wasn't at all interested in other girls. Anyway, one summer evening Donna and I were lying in some tall grass at the back of my house waiting for my mother to call me for tea, when Donna asked if I'd ever masurbated.

"I was a bit embarrassed at first, though eventually I had to confess that although I'd tried touching myself down there I'd never really managed to make anything happen. Boys, too, had had their hands on my pussy and although I always went home damp between the legs, I always felt a little frustrated and wondered if there was any more to it. Donna said that she did it all the time, but it was even better when someone else did it for you so she offered to help.

"I said that she could have a go, but I didn't want to go any further. Donna agreed and slid her hand up my light summer dress to my white panties and I opened my legs a bit further so she could get at my hole. 'You'll have to open them wider than that!' she said as she began to ease my knickers down my legs so I could spread my thighs properly. Then, with the tip of her middle finger Donna began to touch me. She ran her finger up and down the length of my pussy slit and played with



CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

# PLAYING THE WETTING GAME

*Soaked clothes are sexy, says* ***Jim Forrest****, which is why photographers, artists and video makers are all out drenching damsels...*

"It's like hundreds of warm hands holding you all over, tickling your nipples and stroking between your thighs!"

That's how Jill, a reader from Rainham, described her favourite fetish — making love in wet clothes. She reckons the cling's the thing and that water turns everything from a humble pair of Levi's to a soaked and see-through silk dress with shining stockings into an erotic experience for wearer and watcher alike. She regularly makes love fully dressed soaked in the shower or bath, her only stipulation that the water has to be warm.

"Cold showers are strictly for punishing naughty schoolboys!" she claims.

For many years, photographers have realised that the allure of clothing is increased dramatically the moment it gets drenched. Photographer and artist David Wilkey points to three vital elements in what makes wet look wonderful.

"There's cling, shine and see-through," he told us. "When wet, dark-coloured materials go darker still clinging to every curve and shining like satin. Pale ones become translucent or transparent give a teasing glimpse of nipple or underwear."

David has been photographing and painting wet women for many years with two books of his photographs published, numerous prints of his work available and seven videos of his favourite sodden subject. The latest, *Bathing Beauties* (Artscene £38.50) is hosted by none other than busom beauty Stephanie Bews and includes Dawn Davies, star of *Lovers' Guide*. Steph introduces half-a-dozen ladies in the bath, shower, pool or sea all fully dressed (at first) and getting soaked to the skin, before she too winds up in the shower in a cotton T-shirt, black mini-skirt and stockings.

"I personally like the thin cottons and stockings because they go so glossy," he says. "But I know that wet jeans are a big turn-on for guys so include those too."

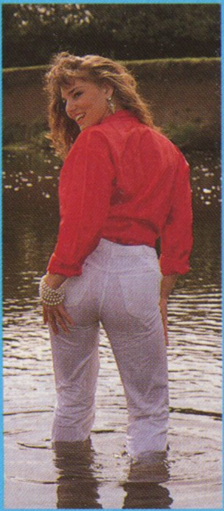
Most of Wilkey's models even wear shoes for their dunkings.

"Oooh, shoes are great!" said Jill enthusiastically. "They make you feel you're being even naughtier! I keep a selection of high heels just ready to take into the bath with my boyfriend."

Young model Charlotte has had more than her fair share of soakings since she started work a year ago. As well as being soaked to the skin in white see-through satin pyjamas in Buff Films' *Samantha-Jane on the Job* (£24.99), she has also appeared in several of David Wilkey's videos. Her most recent drenching came in *Wet Girls: Number One* (Phoenix £18) in which she plays a secretary who gets bored and is inspired by a magazine to take a shower still in her business suit! Something she clearly enjoys!

To say that Charlotte likes getting wet is something of an understatement. Kev Toone of Phoenix tells the story of an impromptu dunking she undertook at Monkeaton Park near their bases in Burton-on-Trent.

"She wasn't content with just going in the fountain, she kept asking total strangers to throw her in the lake! Then they all got in as well, and we filmed the lot."



Phoenix have for a long time sold wetlook and standard glamour prints but this video is the first of a series coming out once a quarter, and although only short (30 minutes each) they contain at least four wet episodes on every tape.

Phoenix have also opened a wetlook studio where any amateur photographer can photograph girls in a large shower or sumptuous bathroom setting for £10 an hour (excluding modelling fees). They are also hoping to organise a one-day wet photographic event in September. Charlotte will certainly be there.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," she says. "I like wearing wet clothes and I think because they tease they can make a girl look far sexier than wearing nothing at all."

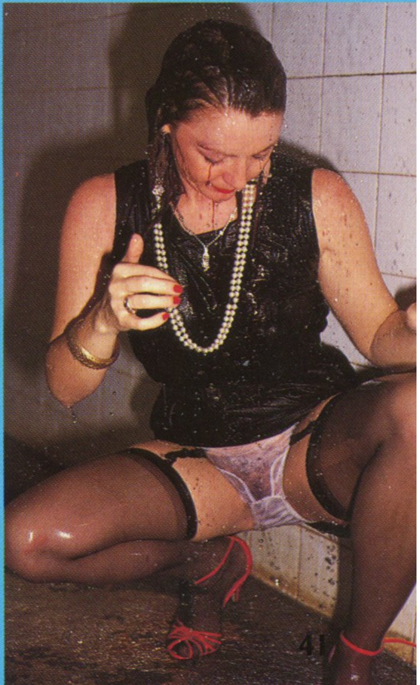
One girl who has undoubtedly done both is *Mayfair* model Mirrel (see Vol 27 No 6). She started her modelling career two years ago in the Welsh seaside town of Tenby taking to the sea for a local amateur photographer. She then appeared in SPLOSH! (the bible for fans of anything wet or messy) and worked with Aquantics, a company selling wetlook slides, also based in Tenby.

"You get some odd looks from the guys on the beach as you stride into the surf in a long black dress, black stockings, shoes, the lot," she said, "but it's a good laugh — so long as it's warm. Does it turn me on? Oh, it can do. When the cool material rubs against your nipples it's very hard not to get a tingle! I don't know how many sets I've done for Aquantics, but I've enjoyed every one."

Aquantics have been selling wetlook pictures for six years and now have a range that is second to none, they also hold an annual get-together for customers in a local hotel where they can photograph models in the swimming pool, showers and spa bath. Boss Roger Carpenter is a self-confessed hydrophile (the word coined for fans of wet clothes) and has no preference for jeans or stockings — he likes the lot!

And so do Jill and many other *Mayfair* readers who can't wait to roll in the river, walk in the rain or shag in the shower, just as long as the water's nice and warm. They at least are hoping it will be the wettest summer on record.

*Bathing Beauties* and other David Wilkey material is available from Artscene, 11 Valley View Close, Larkhall, Bath. Phoenix's video and studio hire: Phoenix Photography, 84 The High Street, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs. *Samantha Jane On The Job* video and SPLOSH! magazine is available from PO Box 5127, London, SE23 3UY.



## Mayfair Classics No. 5

# JILLY GETS HER FIRST JUMP

*Ever since Jilly Crapper had been 18, she'd longed for a good ride. A few weeks later she got her opportunity, but that wasn't enough for Jilly. She wanted to come first...*

### Annabel Pulls It Off

It was the day of the gymkhana and an expectant hush fell over the crowd. The entire town of Morton Harket in Wealthyshire had stayed to watch local girl Lucinda Prior-Engagement and Muffin take on the might of Soniyo Midi Hi-fi and CD System ridden by Annabel Gyles-Issapayne. Lucinda was last to go. It had been a hot afternoon and every girl there wanted Muffin.

After the first fences, it was obvious the willing piebald and young blonde rider were jumping magnificently. They effortlessly sailed over the treble of gates and the wall standing at three foot six inches — and were ahead on time. They only needed to clear the final double to win. Lucinda approached perfectly but still the inexperienced pony rattled the first part of the combination. Anxious to correct her stead, the rider tried to put a short stride between the two fences. Disaster! They clattered through the second half of the double sending poles everywhere.

"I say, tough cheddar, Lu," said Lucinda's buck-toothed stable girl 'Goofy' Garfield.

"That little bastard Muffin made a complete bollocks of it," sulked Lucinda. "Have him shot, Goofy. I'll get Daddy to buy another pony with the money from the knacker's yard... The 12 bore's in the Volvo."

Listening to all this in awe was 18-year-old Jilly Crapper. Jilly lived at a nearby farm and loved horses. This heady talk of oxers, combinations and knackers filled her with excitement.

"Dad, Dad," she cried tugging at the sleeve of her father's old tweed jacket. "I'm desperate for a pony."

"What's stopping you?" he said knocking back his tenth pint. Jilly's eye lit up. "The kharsi's over there."

### Poking Fun at St Sappho's

All the other girls at St Sappho's Boarding College for Girls had their own horses but they were toffs. Jilly's Mummy and Daddy were simple country folks relying on crops, livestock and drug dealing for their meagre income. They needed every penny to pay for dangerous pesticides, calf cages and the next shipment of cocaine.

In Haw House, her rustic manner and well-rounded physique made her the big butt of all the school jokes.

"Here comes Giant Haystacks!" they would cry as her 38 inch tits appeared.

"I say, Haystacks, Antonia and I are off to Hickers at the weekend to watch John Whitticomb on Penwood Forged Fiver want to come?"

"Oh, yes, please!" she'd reply.

"Well you can't, 'cos you're an oik, and they don't let oiks into Hickstead! Besides what do you know about riding? You haven't even got a pony."

"Ha-ha-ha!"

Then Jilly would run crying to her study and read Pat Smythe's autobiography for the tenth time.

"I'll show them," she sobbed.

### Big Hard Beauty

Then one day in the summer vac, Jilly had an amazing stroke of luck. Hand-job Harris, the hard porn video dealer, had called round with his lesbian tapes for Jilly's Dad to sell at Morton Market when he took him to one side.

"Mr Crapper," he whispered, laced with a meaty cocktail of spit and halitosis. "You deal in meat and that?"

"Might do," Mr Crapper replied.

"What if I said there was a large quantity of horsemeat going begging ideal for 'country style beefburgers'?"

"I see. So how many pounds of meat are we talking?"

"Well, I couldn't say, it's still 'on-the-hoof' if you get my meaning. But it won't be long. Big Hard Beauty is well knackered. Fifty-two videos he's been in and never let the girls down once!"

"Well, I'm not sure," Crapper mused. "What with the new battery for 10,000 chickens and the pig crusher, there's not much room for a horse."

Jilly suddenly sat up excitedly.

"A horse, Dad!" she cried. "Can we have him, please, please, please?"

Crapper thought long and hard. His daughter's breasts were crushing into him as she squeezed him excitedly.

"Oh, okay!" he said.

"My very own horse," she cried.

"Hang on, darling," he remonstrated. "Beauty isn't much a horse as 200lbs of Birds Arse farmhouse steak." But Jilly wasn't listening. A real live horse was going to be hers!

### Stallion Gets His Oats

In her study as St Sappho's with just her horse books and vibrator to keep her company, Jilly had dreamed of this moment: the clatter of elegant hooves as Big Hard Beauty was led down from the horse box.

In fact, his arrival was heralded only by a thump as a large sack was dropped outside, followed by a knock on the door. When Jilly opened it, as thrilled as thrilled could be, she found nobody — just the sack with a note tied to it saying, 'Meat not for human consumption.' Hurriedly she cut open the hessian and inside was the semi-conscious horse.

"Oh Beauty!" she cried, hugging the hapless animal and more joyful than she'd ever been.

"You're simply the bestest horse ever ever!"

More experienced horsemen might have disagreed with Miss Crapper's assessment. It was so badly malnourished that you could have played a xylophone solo on its rib cage, its coat was as threadbare as a public bar carpet and vandals had sprayed New York subway-style graffiti on its hindquarters. The scabby stallion that had been put out to stud, but never with other horses, was fucked.

"Oh Beauty, you and me together will win the next gymkhana, sure thing."

Big Hard Beauty opened a rheumy eye, had a coughing fit and fell over.

But despite the prognostications of James Idiott, the local veterinary, and her Dad who sharpened his meat clever every time he saw him, Beauty responded well to Jilly's intensive care. Jilly was so proud of Beauty, she even snuck down to the stable to sleep with him at night — an act stirring a pang of nostalgia in the tired old video veteran.

A week after Beauty's ignominious arrival, her Dad took her to one side.

"Errr, Jilly darling, don't you think you're getting a little too fond of that horse? he said. "I mean, in a couple of weeks time he'll be frozen rissoles."

"I don't care, I don't care!" screamed Jilly. "I'm going to train him to jump and we're going to beat Soniyo Midi Hi-fi and CD System at Wadminton Horse Trials next week!"

### Jilly Gets Mounted

The day of Wadminton Horse Trials dawned bright and sunny, and Jilly looked every inch the perfect horsewoman. Her new black leather boots shone in the sun, her skin-tight jodhpurs were dazzlingly white and the buttons of her riding jacket gleamed in the sun.

As Jilly walked around the horse boxes, the first thing she learned was that here her well-rounded figure was not a cause of amusement but one of arousal. Even Olympic Silver-medallist David Groan smiled at her then bellowed, "Fuck me, look at the tits on that!" to his team-mates.

Only the women riders seemed to dislike the new rival. Lucinda Prior-Engagement (now riding Muffin Too) snorted so badly at her that Goofy had to wipe down the front of her cravat. More startled still were Antonia and the gals from St Sappho's.

"Golly gosh, Haystacks! Whatever are you doing here?" Antonia bellowed.

"Riding my new pony, of course, ass!"

This time the girls' jibes hid their jealously. Haystacks looked superb and due to large-scale bribery by her father she would be riding at Wadminton.

"You are ein pretty lass, ya?"

Jilly couldn't believe her eyes. It was German gold medallist Alvin Fuckamola.

"You riding, yes? Zen why not come back to mein horse box and I give you a big tip, ya?"

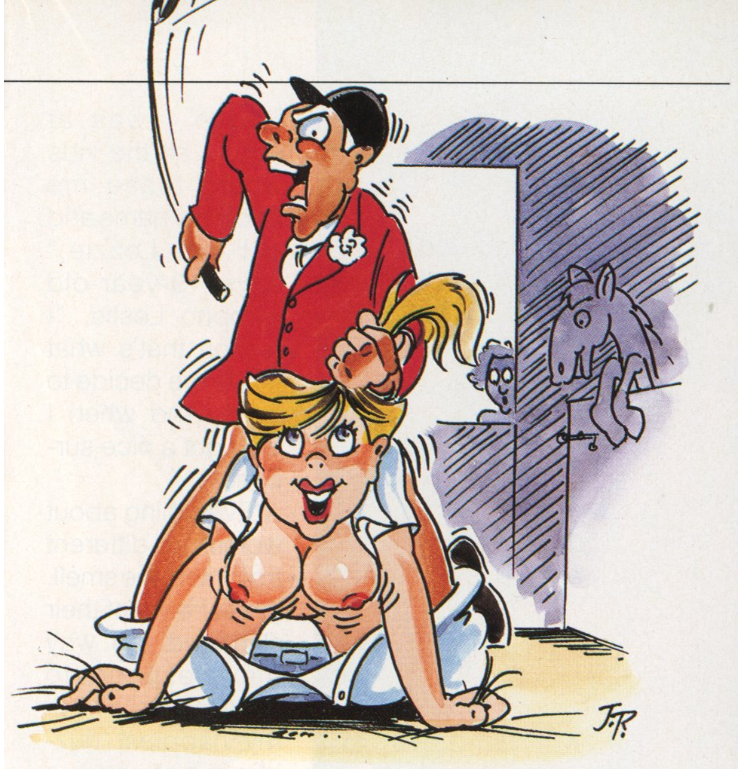
"Oh yes!" Jilly replied ecstatically as he led her to the dark empty box.

"First I show you the ideal riding position. Get on all fours!"

Jilly did as she was told.

"Ziss is for bareback, so..."

Suddenly Jilly felt a draught as



Alvin pulled down her jodhpurs and started to approach her from behind.

"Now I mount you... err, zee horse."

Jilly didn't know quite what was happening but suddenly she felt something big and hard nudging against her buttocks. It felt hot and jolly nice.

"Now we gallop, ya!" And with that the German ace started bouncing on her bare bottom, until suddenly she felt something warm spurt inside her.

"Ein quick learner!" said Alvin as Jilly slipped her jodhpurs back over her firm glowing buttocks.

## Big Beauty Pulls It Off

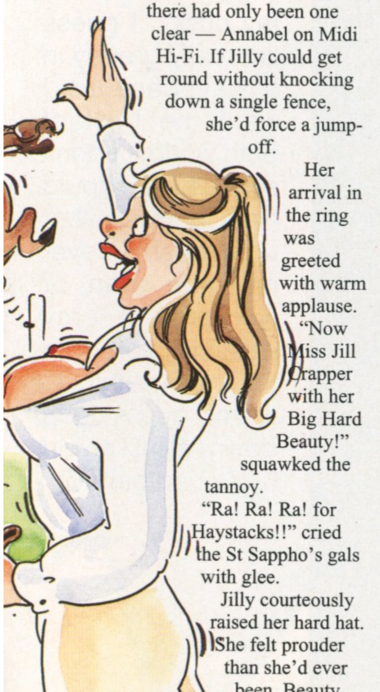
At last it was Jilly's turn to jump. So far, there had only been one clear — Annabel on Midi Hi-Fi. If Jilly could get round without knocking down a single fence, she'd force a jump-off.

Her arrival in the ring was greeted with warm applause.

"Now Miss Jill Crapper with her Big Hard Beauty!" squawked the tannoy.

"Ra! Ra! Ra! for Haystacks!!" cried the St Sappho's gals with glee.

Jilly courteously raised her hard hat. She felt prouder than she'd ever been. Beauty seemed to respond too, and Jilly felt his body ripple between her thighs.



They set off at a canter approaching the first, a simple gate. Beauty cleared it with ease. Then their pace quickened to take on a spread of parallels. The crowd gasped as Beauty's hoof touched it but it stayed on.

"Gosh, Lu, she's jolly good!" cried Goofy Garfield.

"Shut up!" Lucinda replied irritably.

Antonia rushed to the last fence delirious with joy. A St Sappho gal could be in the jump-off against Annabel Gyles-Issapayne. Sweating with excitement, she pulled off her jumper to reveal a thin white top and two taut nipples poking through.

"Come on, Haystacks!" she shouted jumping up and down, her unfettered breasts bobbing like apples in a bath.

No-one in the crowd could see Antonia's state of near-undress, but Big Hard Beauty did. As he rounded the corner into the last, those bobbing boobs brought back memories of his previous employment. Suddenly something below Jilly stirred and swelled.

"Come on, Beauty, come on," gasped Jilly clamping her thighs even tighter round the stallion and almost lifting him off the ground herself as the last approached. His front hooves cleared the fence by six inches. Unfortunately his cock didn't. The 15 inch donger sent the pole crashing to the floor.

"Big Hard Beauty had four faults," the announcer declared. "Sadly impotence isn't one of them."

"Beastly luck, Haystacks!" said Antonia as she came out of the ring.

"Nice try, love," he smiled. "Now can we sell him for beefburgers?"

"Alright, Dad," she said morosely as he led the horse away.

"Perhaps next year, with the proper coaching..." her Mum began.

Suddenly that gave Jilly an idea.

"Excuse me, I've got to go," she said breaking into a broad grin. "Alvin Fuckamola's promised me another riding lesson in his horse box!"

Horse or no horse, Jilly would enjoy a good jump for the rest of her life.

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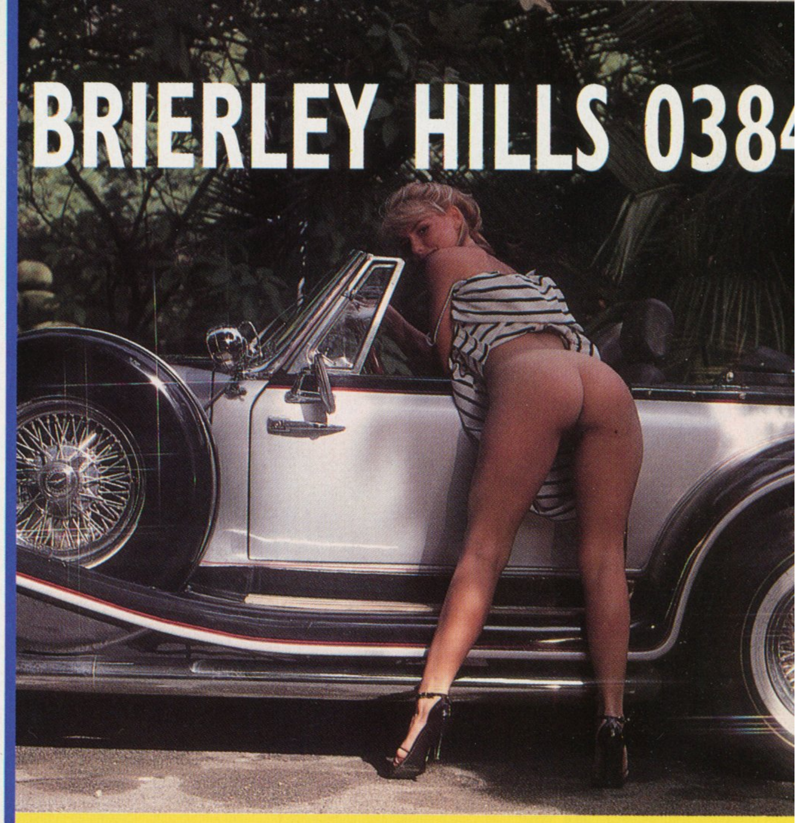
# BRIERLEY HILLS 0384



### *Introducing the billionaire Brummies with more money than sex...*

"Y'alroight, Dilly?" asked Brandon, pouring himself another pint of Moet and Chandon Brew XI as he lounged by the pool at his folks' Brierley Hills mansion. Dylan sipped at his Vimto and smeared more Beluga caviar on his pork scratchings.

"I'm alroight, Bran. What toime are the girls back from the Poly, then?"

"Any minute now. It was double shopping this afternoon."

"Hey, they're really lucky doing a Diploma in Coping with Wealth. I've got to do a cowing 2,000 word essay on 'What The Neighbours Get Up To In The Bedroom On Friday Nights' for my HND in Other People's Business Studies."

At that moment a J-reg Mercedes 500 SEL, and a flash American convertible, roared down the cul de sac, side-by-side at 80 mph, the two girls at the wheel chatting happily. They came to a halt by crashing their cars into a rhododendron bush that was the pride and joy of 80-year-old Ada Loveable, destroying it completely.

"Ow fook, I've bloody scratched the bastard!" Kelly complained. "Now Dad'll have to buy me a new one!"

"Dylan! Brandy!" cried Brenda flattening Ada's bedding plants in her rush to get to the pool. "Sorry we're late. We had a practical in Paying by Gold American Express card."

They rushed over and kissed the lads hard, their lips parting and tongues wrestling in the warm damp confines of their mouths.

"Yow bastard. Yow taste of bloody Beluga!" protested Brenda breaking off from Dill. Then she slowly lifted her shot-silk teeshirt to reveal a pair of large but very firm breasts.

"Do yow like me tit job? Thought I'd have 'em big this week. And Kelly's got a new arse!"

"Yow cow, Bren!" protested Kelly. "That was meant to be a fooking surprise, that was!"

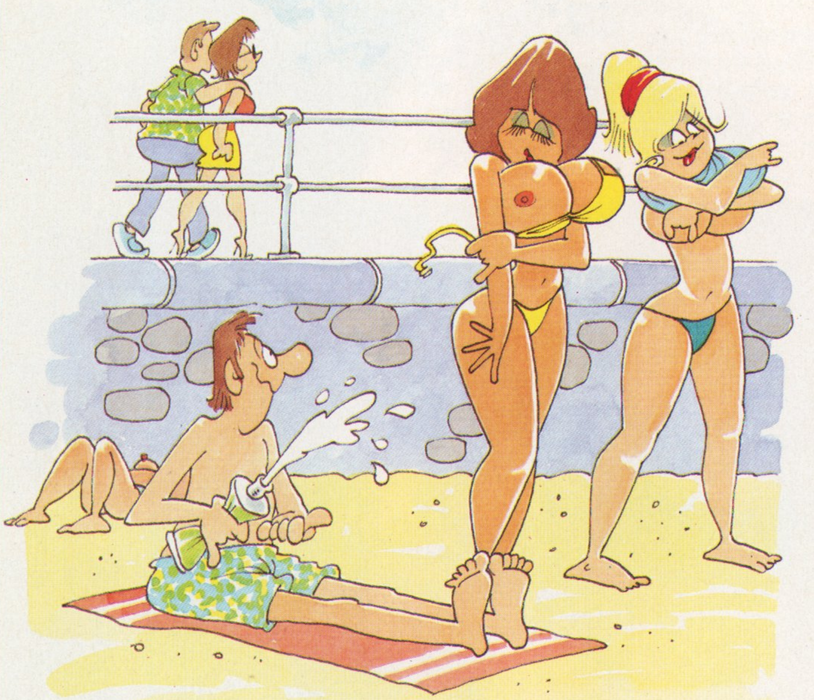
Sulkily she peeled down her designer jeans...

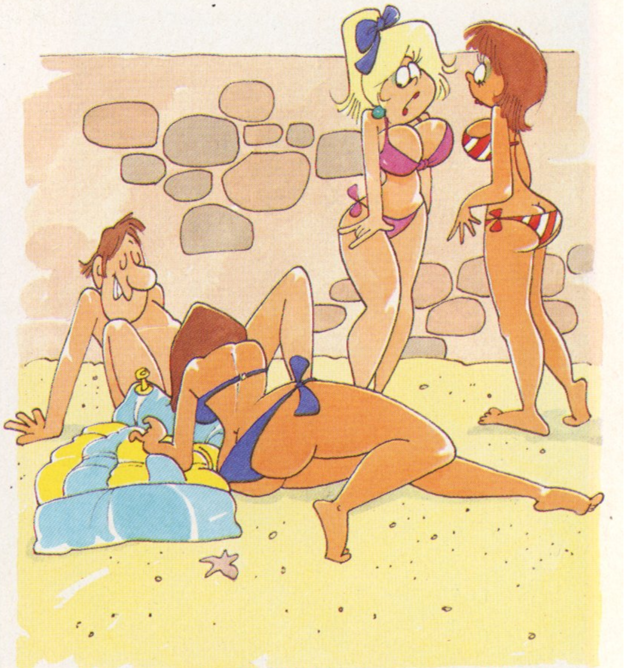
"Noice, Kell! So are we gonna shag or what?" asked Brandon irritably.

"We can't! This goes out at Saturday teatime," Dylan moaned. "All we ever do is kiss and buy things!"

"Fuck, I forgot!"

*Next time: Kelly expands her brain by liposuction and Dylan has a quiet wank when nobody's looking.*

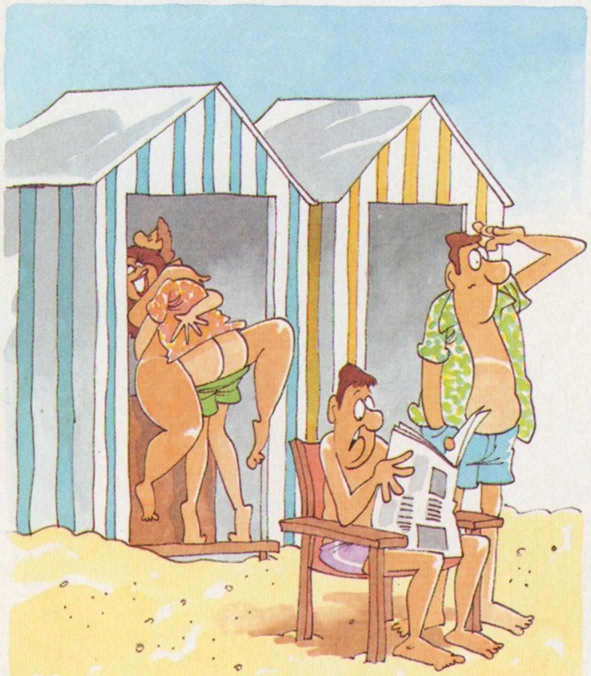




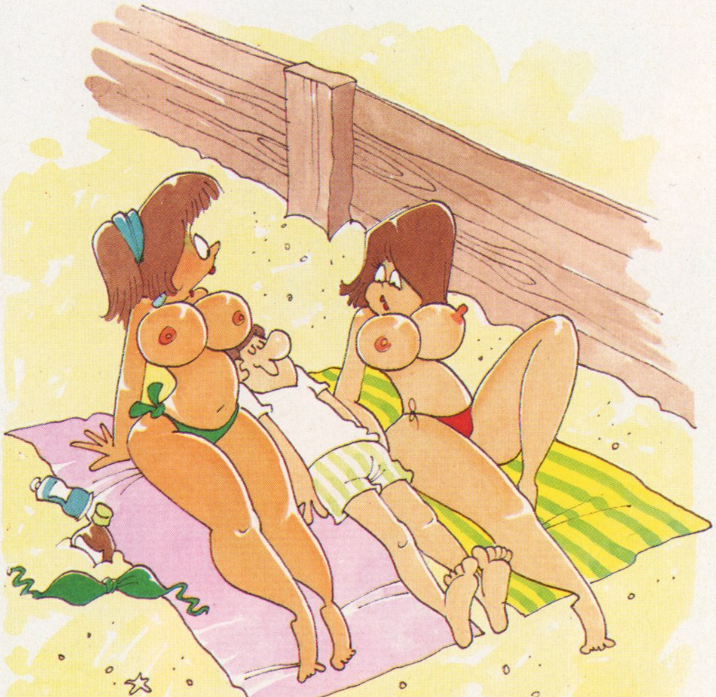
Are you sure Sue's blowing up the Li-lo?

# BEACH BABES

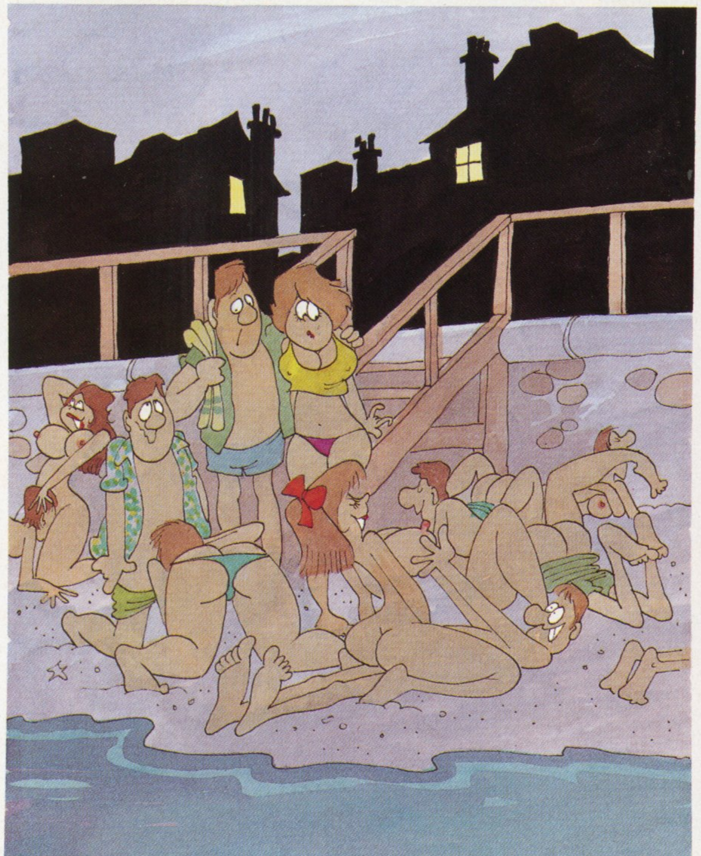
**Summer's here and the time is right for surfin' birds to catch some Rays — and Dicks and Bobs, or even cartoonist Anthony as he finds that it's not just the sand that gets everywhere...**



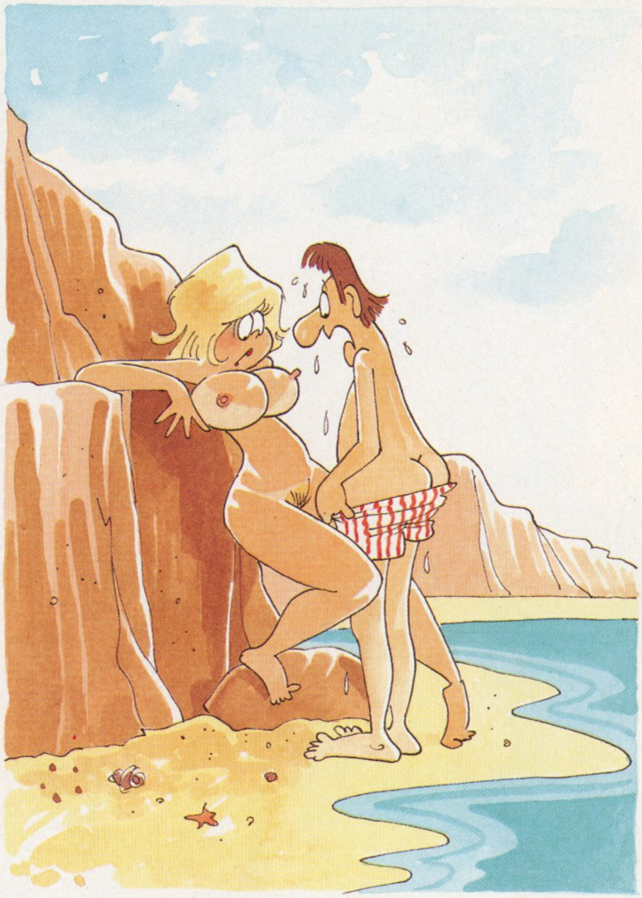
John's popped in for a quick dip



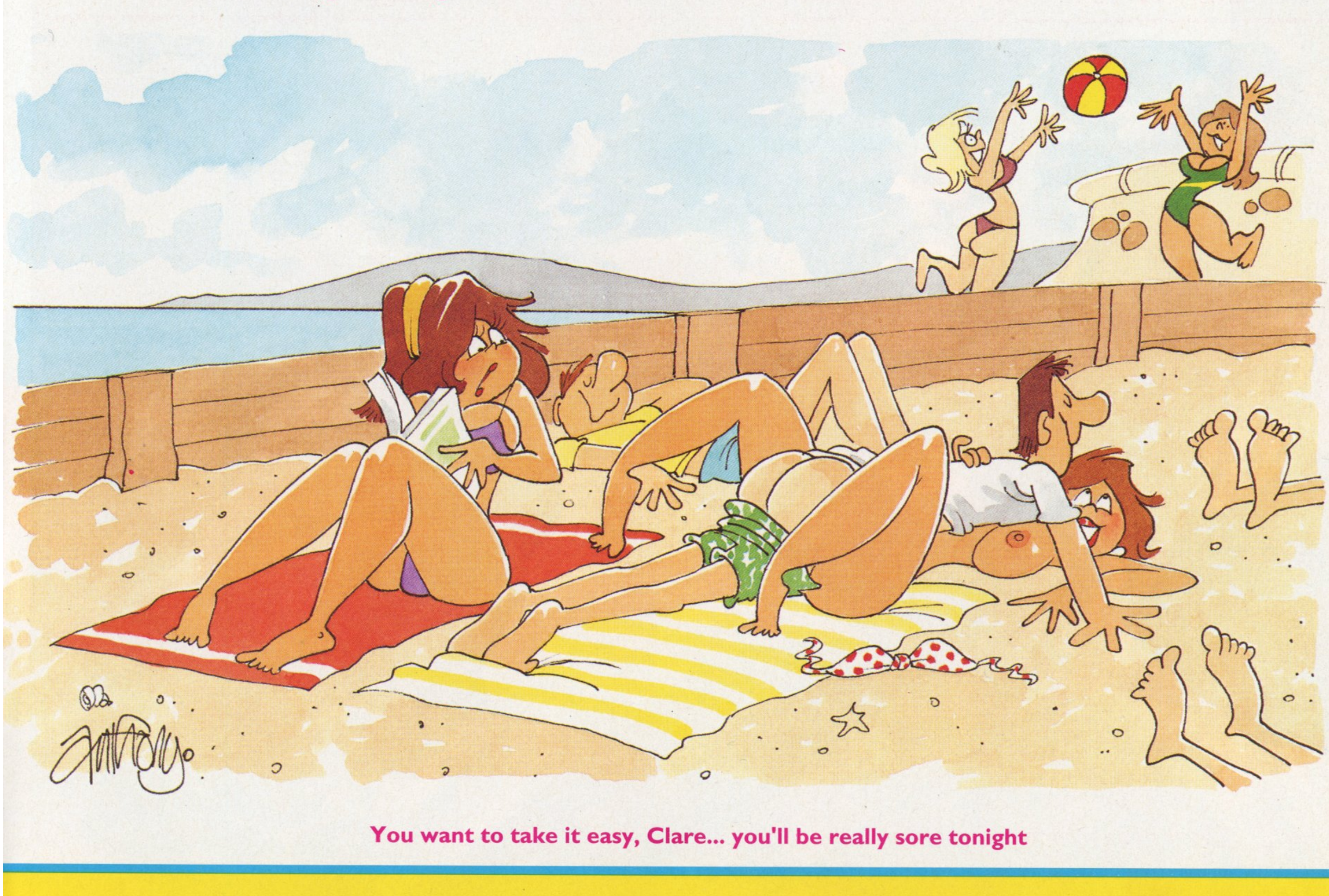
I thought he was with you!



Seems were not the only ones who fancied a bit of midnight bathing



Sorry, Jan... the water was colder than I thought

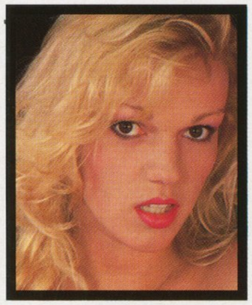


You want to take it easy, Clare... you'll be really sore tonight

# QUEST

## THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

**Talking in a dirty way to your partner — and being replied to in the same manner — is one of the most popular fantasies among Quest respondents, and, as we discovered, also the easiest to turn from fantasy into reality...**



PERSONAL FILE
**Name...** Mrs G
**Age...** 26
**Sex...** Female
**Town of origin...** Wells
**Other details...** This young solicitor seems outwardly demure, but once in the bedroom she and her husband love to let loose with steamy language to work each other up for sex.

*Quest:* From the look of you, no one would believe that underneath the severe looking suit, there beats the heart of a raging sex kitten!

***Mrs G:*** No, a lot of people have commented on that when they hear about what my husband and I get up to. The suit was something that I first starting wearing when I had to, to the office. The clients don't like to see you too skimpily or fashionably dressed – especially if you're a woman! Actually, most of my clients are men, and if most of them knew just how high my sex drive is and the way I love to use it, they'd be coming in their pants!

And it excites me to think that men can't see the real, sexy me under the clothes – unless I want them to. I love wearing really tight silky lingerie which swishes against my skin with every movement of my body. The feel of it on my skin really turns me on, and my husband knows this.

Gerry has always enjoyed a little dirty talk, but our relationship really took another turn when one day a couple of years ago I was working late at the office and Gerry phoned to see what time I'd be home. I mentioned that it was rather hot in the office as the air conditioning wasn't working properly. For some reason that excited Gerry.

"You'll just have to loosen your blouse, then," he said to me, lowering his voice so that it sounded even sexier. "Go on, loosen your blouse for me. Tell me exactly what you're doing."

"My fingers are rubbing against my skin," I replied, slowly unbuttoning my blouse so that it gaped open at the front, "and I'm all hot. That feeling I get when you're rubbing the head of your cock between my boobs as I hold them around it and fuck you with my tits." I could hardly believe that I was saying these things, but I was getting aroused as I was doing it and my nipples were hardening.

"Do you know what I'm imagining I'm doing now?" he asked me, and I could hear that his breathing was becoming really laboured. I licked my lips as I pictured his cock inside his pants, growing longer and harder as he spoke. "I'm imagining that I'm putting my tongue in between your boobs and licking in your cleavage, then running it over your nipples until you're begging for me to undress you fully and work my tongue down to your lovely little clitty."

I gasped as he said that. Not even Gerry had ever spoken to me like that before. And I couldn't ignore the fact that my clitoris was throbbing and my cunt was moist inside my knickers.

It was almost as if Gerry could read my mind. "I know your clitty wants to be stroked," he breathed. Somehow the fact that he wasn't even in the same room and was saying all these filthy, sexy things to me made it the most erotic experience I'd had. I told him how much he was turning me on.

"Touch yourself then," he told me. "Touch me and tell me what you're doing. I want to know every stroke that you give yourself."

I reached down and hitched up my skirt to around my waist, then pulled my pantie crotch aside. I could feel that I was very wet, and as I pressed my knuckle against my hot and aching slit I could feel my juices oozing from my cunt.

"I'm putting a finger inside myself now," I told my husband. "It feels lovely. And I'm rubbing my clitty – it's so hard and hot. I wish you were here to suck it for me!"

And I masturbated myself to a climax right there and then, rubbing myself furiously. By the tone of Gerry's breathing, I knew that he was getting thoroughly aroused. "Is your cock hard?" I asked him, knowing that it must be.

"I'm wanking myself for you," he told me. "God, my cock's so hard and my come juices are starting to ooze out. I

can't hold back!"

"Wank yourself!" I told him, picturing the sight of his balls swinging and tightening as he came towards his orgasm. "I want to hear you come for me."

He told me the moment he had his climax, and I heard the grunt he made as his come shot out of the end of his cock into the palm of his hand. We both agreed that we felt incredibly satisfied by that experience, and when I got home that night I was still aroused. Gerry fucked me for what seemed like hours.

*Quest:* So after that, you made talking dirty a regular feature of your sex life, didn't you?

***Mrs G:*** Yes. The first time we deliberately tried it was a few weeks after that initial episode. We were getting into a bit of foreplay, when Gerry suggested that we do a kind of fucking-by-numbers. I had to direct him as to exactly what I wantd him to do, and he was only allowed to do that, nothing else. I was in complete control.

The idea of doing that really excited and aroused me. I lay back on the bed and parted my legs, showing Gerry my exposed love hole with my neatly trimmed pubes glittering with pre-come. Gently I stroked a finger over my clitty and beckoned Gerry.

"I want you to go down on me while I finger myself," I told him. "I love the idea of your thick tongue and my finger working me off at the same time. I want to really feel you eating me out."

He propped my hips up with a couple of soft pillows so that my cunt was at just the right angle for him, and then in slow motion he bent his head towards my eager cunny and dipped his tongue inside me.

"Go as fast as I show you," I instructed. "I'll squeeze my pussy and that'll show you where I want you to lick and how hard."

My finger was still working at my own pulsating clitty as I started to pressure Gerry's mouth with my cunny muscles, first a gentle squeeze on the end of his tongue, and then more strongly, so that it was obvious which points were arousing me most when he touched and licked them.

**"Lick my nipples and keep me stoked up so that I'm ready to suck your lovely cock"**

"Get right inside me," I told him, clamping my thighs around his neck as I urged him on. "You're making me really wet. I'm going to have to come if you'll only do it a bit faster."

My index finger was flying over my clitty by now, and I could hardly control myself. As I started coming I shouted out exactly how it was making me feel, how the juices felt like they were flooding through me and how my pussy felt as if it was going to burst. When I finally came I felt as if it was the most intense climax I'd ever experienced. Wonderful.

As I was coming down from my climax I told Gerry, "Lick my nipples and keep me stoked up so that I'm ready to suck your lovely cock."

The rasp of his tongue on my hard yet sensitive little teats kept me aroused to full capacity, even though my body felt tired from the strength of the climax I'd just experienced. I reached down and touched Gerry's cock, which I'd never seen stiffer than it wasat this time. I worked my hand slowly up and down the shaft, telling him how much I loved wanking him off, feeling the blood and come pumping through his veins, and his balls slapping against my wrist.

"Tell me when you're going to come," I told him. "I want you to come over my boobs. I know how much you love doing that."

Gerry gave a hoarse cry that he was going to shoot his load just a few moments later, so I wriggled under him so that he could direct his come spray over my waiting cleavage. His eyes lit up as he watched me slowly rub it into my skin.

Of course, we now use dirty talk regularly to keep our sex life interesting – and some of the phrases that I get really excited saying turn the air blue! I'm surprised that I don't get embarrassed coming out with them, but when I'm in the bedroom I just really let go of my inhibitions and go for it.

*Quest:* Thank you.

Why didn't you tell me?"

I told him that I'd been embarrassed to admit some of my more outlandish and filthy fantasies, thinking that he might laugh instead of being as aroused as I was. But little did I know that I couldn't have been more wrong.

"Tell me one, describe it to me," he demanded, lying back on the bed and stroking his still sticky prick as he looked at my naked, aroused, flushed body. "I want to know what *really* turns you on."

I started to describe one of the fantasies that I always climax with. "I'm on the train going to work," I told him, "and I'm wearing one of my most provocative outfits: skimpy red dress, black stockings and high heels, with no underwear. The train's very crowded and I've got to stand up and strap-hang. Pressing up against everyone else, with the movement of the train making me rub up against a lot of male bodies, the friction makes my nipples harden and I can feel that lovely tingle start in my pussy.

"I look around to check that no one can really see what I'm doing, and then I reach down and press my palm against my pussy. Through the material of my dress I can feel that my pussy is hot and moist. I wish that I could lift up my dress and finger myself, but I'm afraid that someone might see me.

**"Then I reach up under my dress and massage his come into my skin on my thighs as he watches me"**

"In front of me there's a guy who I can see has noticed how aroused I am – he can't fail to, my nipples are so erect and pressing right into his chest. As I look up at him, I can see that the sight of my arousal has really turned him on too. I move closer to him so that I can press my love mound against the hard ridge that's formed in his pants. By rubbing my body against him and moving my hand down I manage to get his cock totally stiff and unzip his trousers at the same time. The feel of his cock as it springs into my hand makes my pussy contract with pleasure – and the fact that all this is taking place in public makes me have to clench my pussy muscles to stop myself from coming.

"I start to masturbate this guy by pulling up and down on his shaft, and at the same time rubbing the head of his cock against my pussy mound. The feeling of that friction, with the material of the dress caressing me too, makes me shudder to a climax as I carry on wanking this guy. He's breathing hard but our eyes have never broken each other's gaze. And it stays that way as I wank him to a climax and he comes his load into my hand; some spills onto my dress. Then I reach up under my dress and massage his come into my skin on my thighs as he watches me."

Denis got so aroused by this that he begged me to let him fuck me then and there, and I was surprised to find my pussy as wet and juicy as it ever was when I was stimulating myself. I realised I'd been masturbating as I'd got more into telling the story, and Denis's prick slipped easily inside me. Somehow my pussy felt much more sensitive than it ever had during sex, and to my surprise, I climaxed several times as Denis pumped and thrust inside me, finally coming just as I came for the fourth time.

I felt so glad that by encouraging me to express my fantasies out loud, Denis had shown me how I could really enjoy sex fully, as I never had before. Now, in my sexual relationship with my current boyfriend and the relationship I carried on with Denis before that, I always share my erotic dreams and fantasies. Actually saying them out loud is what arouses me more than anything, and I find that men really get off on hearing me tell them my most secret, dirty eroticisms. What I'm working on now is to get my current boyfriend Dave to share his fantasies with me – I know that I'll find it equally arousing to hear what he thinks about when he's stroking himself, and I can't wait to watch him lose himself in his fantasies the way I do in mine.

*Quest:* Thank you.

# QUEST

## THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE

**Name...** Miss N
**Age...** 27
**Sex...** Female
**Town of origin...** East London
**Other details...** This receptionist uses sex talk in her relationship with her boyfriend to enable her to express the deep fantasies she uses to fulfil her sexual cravings.

*Quest:* You have a strong sex drive, you've told us.
***Miss N:*** I need a lot of sex, and after I lost my virginity when I was 18 I found very quickly that my sex drive was a great deal stronger than most men would expect from a woman. And I wasn't satisfied by what I call 'missionary position sex' either. That's where people aren't prepared to experiment with positions and techniques, and just settle for a normal, run-of-the-mill fuck.

That's not the way I like to do things. I've always been adventurous and eager to try out different positions – anything to keep my sex life from going stale. I've always fantasized a great deal too, and I like nothing better than to lie back on my bed on my own, either naked or wearing a set of my favourite silky lingerie, and start to stroke myself, first on my boobs and nipples to begin arousing myself, but then moving down to my pussy. I spread my fingers through the luxuriant bush and part my moist pussy lips to slip a couple of fingers in and brush my love lips lightly. Sometimes I use a dildo too, and I always have elaborate fantasies in my head which I use to bring myself to a climax, as well as the physical stimulation I give myself.

These fantasies vary in setting and type, so it would take me far too long to describe them, but they are always very erotically charged and feature me being seduced, or seducing, one or more men at once. I love to imagine myself in some kind of position of authority – like nurse/patient or teacher/pupil – and although I know that these fantasies are probably very common, the pleasure that they give me as I stimulate myself is incredible.

Because my fantasies gradually built up to be so incredibly vivid, I started to find that my sex life was palling in comparison. During my early twenties I had quite a lot of sexual encounters with men – and even tried women a couple of times. Although sex with another woman features large in many of my erotic imaginings, I didn't much like it in reality. I could never quite capture the orgasmic heights that I reached on my own with sex.

That is, until one day when I took my courage into my hands and decided to reveal my secret fantasies to an old boyfriend. I suppose that's what you'd like me to talk about?
*Quest:* Please describe it in detail to us.
***Miss N:*** Denis and I had sex often, but I just wasn't getting the orgasms I needed from it – and consequently, I was masturbating myself almost constantly. The frustration was unbelievable! One day Denis called round to my house unexpectedly early and found me deep in a frigging fantasy, my legs parted and my fingers working busily on my hot clitoris. I was speaking the dialogue to my fantasy out loud, which must have looked odd to Denis but I was so lost in imagining myself fucking my boss from work that I didn't notice he was there.

"I need your cock, Ron – I want you to put it in between my breasts so that I can lick the head of it," I was saying. "I really want to taste your come on my tongue."

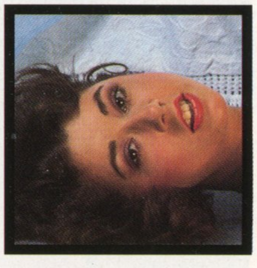
Somehow it always seems to heighten the sensation if I speak out loud what's going on in my head. I had my eyes closed, and a picture in my mind of Ron's prick moving up towards my mouth and my lips surrounding his helmet, licking the pre-come off it. I was frigging myself hard, and it was only when I'd enjoyed a very noisy and satisfying orgasms that I opened my eyes and realised that Denis had seen and heard everything.

He just threw off his clothes and had his cock inside my eager, grasping pussy before I could even say hello, and the fuck that we had then was the best we'd had in our relationship. Afterwards, when his come was still warm in my pussy, he asked me why I'd never outlined any of my fantasies to him.

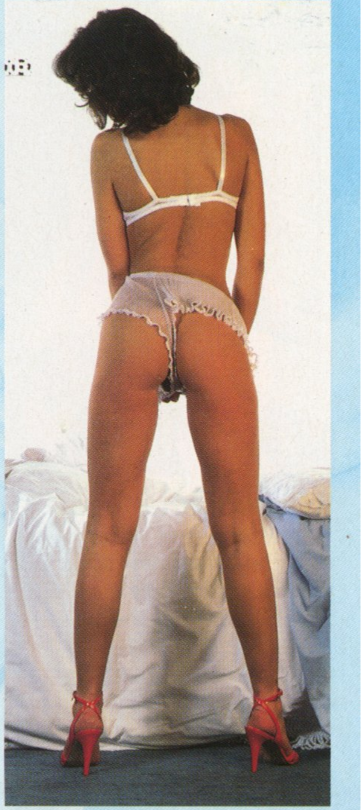
"It's obvious that talking about what you want turns you on," he told me. "I've just witnessed the proof of that!

# QUEST

## THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE



PERSONAL FILE
**Name...** Mrs J
**Age...** 24
**Sex...** Female
**Town of origin...** Kirkcaldy
**Other details...** This housewife and her husband were both quite inexperienced when they consummated their relationship, and gradually found that expressing their desires verbally helped them to achieve sexual satisfaction.



*Quest:* You've been married for three years now, is that right?

***Mrs J:*** Yes, and when I was married both my husband Stuart and I had never had any other sexual partners before. Obviously we'd been dating for quite some time before we decided to get married, and during our courtship we did quite a lot of heavy petting and so on. I loved the feel of Stuart's tongue probing inside my mouth as he kissed me passionately, and when his fingers probed down inside my panties and he could feel the love juices starting to stir inside me, I always became very aroused and breathless.

And I loved to take his hardening cock in my hand and stroke it, feeling how it became even stiffer and strained as I gently, shyly stroked it, the end moist with his pre-come juices. Sometimes he'd come into my hand if we carried on the heavy petting and I'd love the feel of his sticky spunk. I even tasted it, loving the saltiness of it.

But we both decided that we wanted to still be virgins on our wedding night, that we wanted to save ourselves. We were both eager to find out what we'd been missing though, and when our wedding night came we fell on to each other and made love all night long. The stabbing of his cock inside me was wonderful, and I could feel my juices well up and trickle out to coat my thick, dark pubic bush.

And then... I didn't come. Even when Stuart and I had fooled around before our marriage I'd had orgasms as he fingered me off or if I played with myself, but this time, with his lovely cock pumping away inside me, there was nothing even approaching an orgasm.

I thought it was just because we'd never had full sex before, but after several months of frustration I still hadn't managed to come through full sex, and it was affecting our whole intimate relationship. Stuart was worried, I could tell, but he didn't say anything to me, which in turn made me shy and backward with him. I thought there must be something I could do, and when it got to the stage where when he'd leave the house for work I'd find myself masturbating for hours at a time, making my aching little pussy come again and again, I knew I had to talk to someone.

My best friend Lucy has always been quite forthright about sex, and I'd asked her advice on these matters before, so I poured out the whole story to her. "Why don't you just talk to Stuart, tell him exactly what turns you on – direct his hands if you have to!" she said.

What could be easier? I must admit that even though he was my husband I was shy of openly demanding different sexual positions or asking him to do specific things to turn me on, but the idea did excite me. I was brought up in a household where talking about sex just wasn't done, so this forbidden fruit seemed all the more exciting.

I'll never forget Stuart's face when I first started my plan. He'd rolled on top of me and was licking between my breasts when I suddenly said, "Suck my tits, Stuart. I want you to take one of my nipples right between your teeth and suck it hard. It turns me on so much!"

He looked really surprised but at the same time I could tell that

hearing those sexy words from me, who was usually so reticent about sex, was really arousing for him. When I felt his teeth fasten around one of my nipples I gasped as the heat seared through my pussy and into all my erogenous zones. I could feel Stuart's erection digging into me as he worked first on one boob and then the other. My back was arching off the bed, I was so turned on.

"Now I want you to go down on me, Stuart," I begged him. "I want to feel your tongue right inside me."

Working his way down the front of my body to my pussy, Stuart lightly caressed my love lips with his tongue. I could feel him lightly flick it over my throbbing clitoris.

"Suck my clitty, Stuart," I told him. "You've never really examined my clitty before, have you? Have a good look at my little love button — it's throbbing just for you."

Stuart ran his fingers up and down my love slit as I watched him run his eyes and tongue over my engorged little clitty. My pussy felt tight and so wet I thought that if he entered me with his cock he'd surely slip out. When I felt the point of his tongue dipping inside me, I climaxed, writhing my hips and rubbing my pussy into his face so that he wouldn't stop his delicious tonguing of me. I'd never climaxed as well as that even when I played with myself.

Coming to that orgasm made me bold. I knew exactly what I wanted to do next.

"I'm going to suck your cock for you now, Stuart," I told him, and rolled us over so that he was lying on his back, a blissful expression on his face. I'd never been all that keen on giving him blow-jobs before, but now here I was hardly able to wait for the sensation of having his cock in my mouth.

I started sucking, all the time keeping up a commentary on how good his cock tasted, how I loved the tangy pre-come on my tongue, how I wanted to swallow everything his balls were going to shoot out for me. And when he came into my mouth, for the first time in my life I knew what it was like to taste spunk. I savoured the taste of his load as I swallowed it down in three gulps.

"You taste delicious," I told him. "I love the taste of your come. But now I want you to get your cock hard for me again – I need to feel it inside me."

> **"I directed his cock to the entrance of my pussy, and hugged it with my cunt walls"**

I don't know if it was just the horny way I was talking to him or if it was the fact that it was me, his normally shy and reticent wife, saying all those dirty things to him, letting him see into my sexy thoughts, but I'd never seen Stuart so aroused as he was then, even though he'd just had his orgasm. His cock was hard again in a minute, and he kneeled on the bed, slowly stroking his own sticky shaft, while I told him exactly what I wanted to do next.

"I want you to take me doggy-style," I told him. "I've always wanted you to fuck me from behind, but we've never tried it. I need you to push your cock into me from behind so that I can really feel it in me."

I turned over and pushed my bottom up towards Stuart so that he could admire the shape of my pale, firm buttocks, then reached around behind me and slowly pulled my sopping wet love lips apart, giving Stuart a really good view inside my pussy. The sight of my wet, pink tunnel made his balls ache and stretch, he told me. I knew

that he was going to come inside me with a ferocity that I'd always wanted but he'd never given me before.

"Push into me," I yelled. "I want to ride your cock until I come!"

Using my hands I directed the head of his cock to the entrance of my pussy, and then straddled it firmly, hugging it with my cunt walls until I could feel every inch of him in me. Then I told him to start fucking me.

"A slow stroke, until you're almost out of me, then a fast stroke pushing right back inside me again," I told him, getting turned on by hearing myself say these words. I'd wanted to say them for so long, but only now did I have the courage. My sexual inhibitions had gone right out of the window.

"Now fuck me hard! I want to feel your lovely balls against my bum," I breathed, gripping the bed-head to steady myself, my boobs swinging wildly with the force of Stuart's fucking.

"I love being fucked hard – you've never done it hard enough before," I gasped as I started to come in powerful spurts. "Now reach around and finger my nipples when you're coming in me!"

I soon felt the hot jet of my husband's come inside me, and I couldn't help myself from gabbling out loud exactly how good it felt to enjoy the sensation of my Stuart's come shooting up and coating the walls of my pussy, mingling with my own juices.

After we'd exhausted ourselves that evening, I told Stuart why I'd spoken my sexual needs out loud to him. He was almost considering sending Lucy a thank-you note!

*Quest:* Since then your sex life has improved, hasn't it?

***Mrs J:*** Yes, I can't believe it. I never thought that sex would play such a huge role in my life or that I'd be able to enjoy it so fully, especially after my upbringing and my husband and I being such late starters in the sex stakes. But now Stuart insists that I direct him verbally in bed all the time, telling him exactly what I want him to do and on which part of my body. We've shared all our fantasies too, and there's nothing that we aren't prepared to do to each other sexually. I can't tell you what a release it's been, being able to share my needs with Stuart. In fact, I'm thinking of training to be a sex counsellor, so that I can help other people who are having the same problems as me. I can't think of any better way to use my new expertise!

*Quest:* Thank you.